

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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THE GOOD FAIRY OF TUNBRIDGE WELLS

THE DEAR OLD LADY AND THE LITTLE LAD

A FAIRY CALLS AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS

How the Chance of Happiness Came to Percy Perrin

A BARNARDO ROMANCE

One of the loveliest stories ever told is the new one of the dear old lady from the New Forest and the little five-year-old red-headed boy in one of the Barnardo Homes—the Home at Tunbridge Wells. The more one thinks of it the more its loveliness increases. It is just perfect.

This kind old lady, whose name was Miss Diana Genevieve Harvey, had gone two years ago from her woodland home at Brockenhurst to the breezy slopes of Tunbridge Wells in Kent for a little change. There her kind heart led her to call and see Dr. Barnardo's Home for crippled children. Of course, she was welcomed, for they know at Dr. Barnardo's Homes that the more their happy children are seen the more they will be helped.

A Sharp Little Chap

The children were at play, as eager as could be, and the most eager of them was a sharp little chap with one leg that had been very weak ever since he was born. He was not as nimble as some, but no one played up more keenly; and his face was bright and sweet. The lady spoke to him, and his manners were charming as her own. She could not help falling in love with him at first sight.

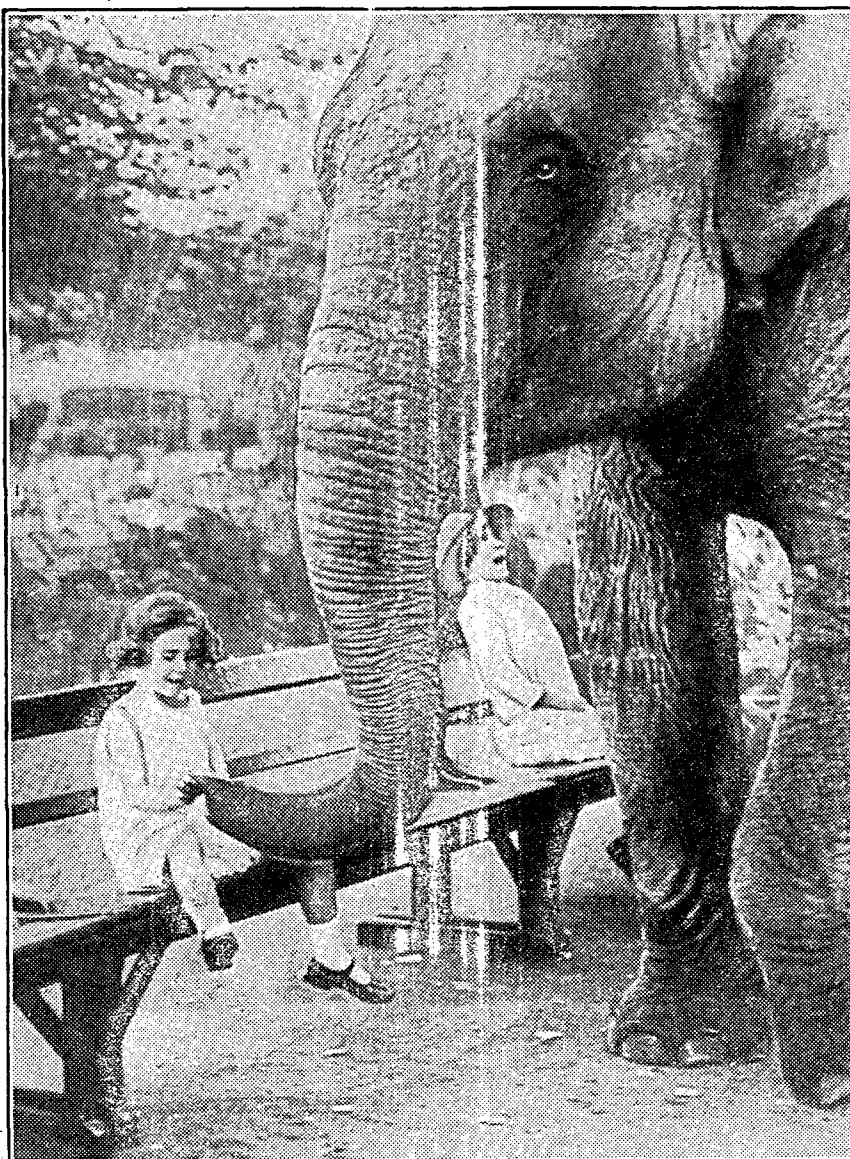
Might she take some of the children out for a motor-drive? she asked. Of course she might; and of course red-headed little Percy Perrin was one who went. The more the lady saw of the little fellow with the sweet smile and nice talk the more she liked him. She called again to see him, and went home back to Brockenhurst thinking about him. Then at holiday times, Christmas and Easter, she wrote to him, and he wrote back as well as he could. The spelling wasn't much, but she liked it.

Thoughts of the Future

Later, she came back again to Tunbridge Wells, and more than once called to see her little friend, and the Home she admired. Once she said something which showed she had been thinking about him when he should grow up. She feared he would never be able to do heavy work, and she hinted that she might do something that would help him to prepare for lighter work. And so two years passed by.

As the sequel to this story shows those two years were not years of forgetfulness on the dear old lady's part. Meanwhile the life of the little lad had been permanently brightened by the new friend he had found and by his memory of the talks he had had with her during her visits to the Home at Tunbridge Wells.

The Elephant Passes By



In spite of its size the elephant is as gentle as a lamb with children, and with them there is no greater favourite at the London Zoo. This amusing picture shows a little girl offering the elephant a titbit while her friend shows obvious signs of amazement at the huge bulk of the animal as it pauses before her.

Then the news came that the dear lady had passed out of this world, and the kind people at the Home were made sad by the thought that little Percy Perrin had lost his friend.

But he had not lost her. Her care for him was going on. When her Will was made known it was found that she had left £1200, the interest on which is to be used for his education. After him the money will go to the Barnardo Homes, where more than 7000 children are being fed, clothed, and trained every day, and over a hundred thousand have been brought up since they were started.

Is it not a story of a fairy godmother who became real? And it is good for others besides little Percy Perrin. It does us all good to hear of such thoughtful and beautiful kindness. It softens our hearts, and it may make us radiate forth some of the beauty of spirit which shone in the lady who suddenly loved the brave little crippled lad, and has kept her love alive after she herself has passed into the Kingdom.

WHAT IS IT?

From Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, comes a strange report.

A flying-machine has constantly been seen circling above the town; yet there is no aeroplane on the island, which is so isolated that no Continental pilot could make joy flights to it. Some of the good folk of Reykjavik think they have seen an air ghost, the first spectre ever known to haunt the sky.

Those who believe in the Snow Queen, and think they hear Father Christmas's sleigh bells on winter nights, are now weaving a romance about a pilot who lost his way to the Pole and perished, and haunts the skies for evermore, seeking his lost goal.

But we fear that this picturesque idea is doomed to failure. It is certain that the aeroplane will prove to be a real one, sent by some Government authority to make observations concerning charts or fishing. Romantic surely; yet will it seem half so romantic as the superstition to the people?

THE OLD CAR

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH IT?

A True Tale of the Fate of One That Was Given Away

ROADSIDE SURPRISE

Old tramcars and railway carriages leave the lines and go out into the country to serve as bungalows. What is to become of the old motor-cars?

Two thousand new cars take the road every week in England, and many of their owners have to dispose of their old cars to make room for the new. Perhaps the most forbidding trade sign in England is that on an arterial road in Kent, where a firm of "motor wreckers," as they call themselves, are littering a field and spoiling the natural beauty of the countryside.

That, presumably, is the old car's last stage, but there are earlier ones. A certain busy motoring centre, where famous cars are made, has its showrooms filled with secondhand cars of all sorts and sizes, from £50 down to £10.

A Dickens Story

When stage-coaches were giving place to railways Dickens saw the old vehicles laid by, melancholy and dilapidated, in forsaken yards, and wrote one of his most famous short stories on such a scene, making a character nod off to sleep in a derelict coach and dream all the old carriages into new life with the old patrons stirring and bustling, the coachman on the box, and the horses covering the turnpike again at a gallop. Could not the old cars of the wrecker's field tell stories if life were renewed in them as in Dickens's coaches?

Nothing the novelist imagined could well be stranger than something which recently happened to a friend of a C.N. reader. The new saloon car he was driving suddenly caught fire. He was helpless with alarm, but another motorist coming up put out the flames with an extinguisher. "You will be all right now," said he. "I shall never go near that thing again," replied the owner; "if you will get me a taxi I will give you the car."

Giving Away a Car

The man laughed at the suggestion, but, seeing that the disconcerted owner was serious, he did go off for a taxi. When he returned he found the owner still fixed in his determination. "I never want to see the thing again. Here, take the licence; I have finished with it," he said.

He handed over the licence and the car, jumped into the taxi and was gone, leaving the man who had come to his assistance the astonished possessor of a new car. He had left home with one, he was to return with two!

If all the old cars now mutely appealing for new owners could unfold their strange and moving stories, what tales there would be to hear!

IS THE GREAT WAR ENDING?

AND THE GREAT PEACE BEGINNING?

The Last Allied Soldiers Left on German Soil

BRING THEM HOME

It would be a splendid thing if the tenth anniversary of the Armistice, now approaching, could see the last of the armies marching home from their encampment on the Rhine. That would be the true end of the Great War and the true beginning of the Great Peace.

The Peace Treaty authorised the Allied Armies to continue the Rhineland Occupation till 1935 unless Germany had fulfilled her treaty obligations by an earlier date. Germany has fulfilled all her treaty obligations but the payment of Reparations, and toward that she is paying enormous sums punctually every year. Yet the Armies of Occupation remain.

Germany's Demand

It is nearly three years since the Locarno Treaties were signed, under which Germany, France, and Belgium solemnly promised each other to respect the new frontiers, and Britain gave her guarantee that she herself would go to war with any Power which should break her word. It was universally understood that this new guarantee was to take the place of the Occupation. Yet still the Allied Armies remain.

Now Germany has formally and publicly made her demand for the withdrawal of the armies in fulfilment of these solemn undertakings, and the Allies, at an informal conference at Geneva, have agreed to "the opening of official negotiations." At the same time it was agreed that a final settlement of war debts must be come to with the help of a commission of financial experts; and it was agreed that a Commission of Verification and Conciliation should be set up.

Almost Blackmail

This is all in the right direction but a little mysterious. What it means is something like this. Though the amount of Reparations which Germany shall pay each year was settled four years ago, the number of years during which she shall go on paying has never been decided, so that Germany does not know even now how much she has to pay.

Germany is willing that this should be done, but she is not willing that it should be done as compensation for the withdrawal from the Rhine, which she says she is entitled to in any case; and the Germans say that the attempt to link the two amounts almost to blackmail.

The French idea behind the proposal for a Commission of Verification and Conciliation is that when her troops are gone she and her former Allies should still have representatives in the Rhineland to see that it is kept free of German soldiers in accordance with the Peace Treaty. Germany is willing that this should be done if the Commission includes German representatives, and if it is dissolved in 1935.

The Locarno Spirit

But France does not want Germans on this Commission and she wants it to be permanent. That Germany will never agree to, and she will assuredly be right. Any such supervision after 1935 belongs to the League and not to the Allies. Britain is bound to act in all such matters in the Locarno spirit; that is to say, she must watch that the Rhineland shall be free from the menace of militarism from any source, whether German or French.

It remains to be seen what will happen; certain it is that the continued presence of the Allied Armies in Germany is an offence to the spirit of Locarno and a betrayal of the new spirit of goodwill of which we are for ever talking.

HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIEND

A Last March on an Island

HEROISM AND TREACHERY

The story of how a young man suffered and died to save the life of his friend comes from a far Pacific isle.

Angus McPhail and his friend C. Dalton had been sent to Malekula, in the New Hebrides, on surveying work. Their task was on the uncivilised side of the island, and supplies came by water. After four months the supply arrangements broke down and they were without food.

Dalton became ill with fever, and McPhail, though suffering too, set out across the island with a few natives to seek medicine and food. During the march he became suspicious of the loyalty of the natives, so he disarmed them and walked behind them with his rifle. It was impossible to sleep at night for fear of treachery, and McPhail was almost delirious when, after three days, he arrived at Bushman's Bay, procured his supply, and set out again.

He never got back. He was found unconscious a few days later some distance from the settlement, and died soon afterwards. Dalton, on the other hand, made a wonderful recovery and returned to Australia to tell the story of the heroism of his friend.

THE LAUREL WREATH STILL GREEN

Unknown Hero of Long Ago NAPOLEON'S BROTHER'S WIFE

Laurel wreaths should be immortal, and it is appropriate that a laurel wreath recovered from an Etruscan tomb over 2000 years old should still be green.

Who its hero was we cannot tell. His skeleton was wrapped in veils of white and blue. There were leather objects whose purpose is unknown, ornamented with geometrical designs, purses containing glass beads, belts with copper clasps and buckles, and the laurel wreath, but no name.

The tomb is one of a great number at Vulci, in Tuscany, whose existence was first discovered a hundred years ago. The wife of Napoleon's brother Lucien was watching a yoke of oxen ploughing in a field when they suddenly disappeared, and it was found they had broken through into an Etruscan tomb. Over 6000 tombs were opened in the next quarter of a century, their contents being distributed over Europe, after which the tombs were filled up.

Now, in celebration of the centenary, new excavations have been undertaken.

THE STAMP BOX

Post Office Moving On

At last we are to have the long-promised street kiosks from which one may telephone and buy stamps.

The telephone kiosks are familiar now, and to these are to be added automatic stamp-delivery machines on the penny-in-the-slot principle, with letter-boxes also, both accessible from the outside.

THREE LAMBS

A Sussex reader knows of three lambs born last Easter and brought up on the bottle. Now, though Sam, Jim, and Fluff are grazing in the fields all day, they still appear morning and evening at the dairy door for milk.

Jim, who is the tamest and liveliest, acts as leader, and if the bottle is not there up to time scratches at the door and bleats for it.

SPAIN'S DICTATOR

Five Years Without Freedom

THOUGHT AND SPEECH IN CHAINS

Spain has been celebrating the fifth anniversary of the suppression of her Parliament and the establishment of the Dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera.

The revolution followed within a year of that of Signor Mussolini in Italy, but it is on the whole a much milder affair and has aroused much less opposition.

Every now and then, it is true, we hear of the unmasking of conspiracies against it, and only a day or two before the anniversary something like 4000 arrests were made, mostly among former political opponents, in all parts of Spain, especially in the north. In any other country that would have been a tremendous event, but it does not seem to have worried the Spaniards, and members of the Patriotic Union, a milder copy of the Fascist party in Italy, marched in vast numbers past the Dictator's balcony in Madrid, cheering heartily.

Spanish Indifference

The truth seems to be that the Spanish people as a whole do not care much about it either way. They are not particularly anxious to govern themselves, and they do not much mind who does the governing so long as it is not done too obtrusively. Some say that this indifference is the lasting product of the centuries of intellectual tyranny established by the Inquisition. Others attribute it to the climate.

Self-government is the cure an Englishman would prescribe. But the Dictator, who at first only asked for three months' authority, now prophesies that in another five years the same Government will be in power.

It is certain that much material good has been done under the Dictatorship. Roads and railways have been improved and administration reformed. Corruption has been reduced. Finances have been reformed. But it is still doubtful whether expenditure is honestly met by revenue, and the debt is said to be increasing. Justice is still far from impartial, education is in the hands of reactionaries, and thought and speech are in chains.

GEORGE BAXTER

An Earnest Servant of Art

George Baxter, artist draughtsman, born 1804, died 1867, lived here from 1844 to 1860; a central figure in coloured picture printing.

This is an inscription on a memorial tablet unveiled the other day at 11, Northampton Square, Finsbury.

The tablet has been erected by private subscription, through the zeal of Mr. Kilburn Scott, who lives near by. It seems a pity that the City or the L.C.C. could not have made themselves responsible, for Baxter contributed notably to the great work of making beautiful things accessible to the people.

It was he who invented and practised the art of printing pictures in oil colours, using blocks for each colour imposed on a steel engraving. Baxter was himself a painter, but it is for his prints that he is most remembered.

There were 60 of his prints at the Great Exhibition of 1851, and many of them are prized possessions of the British Museum and provincial art galleries.

Each colour variation was separately imposed, as many as 20 blocks being used for one picture. Many other printers copied his methods under licence, but none at that time could approach his skill and precision.

The work was carried on for 16 years in the house in Northampton Square and in the house next door, and Mr. Scott has done well to mark the spot for us.

THE BLIND MAN'S DOG

FRIENDS IN THE STREET

Why Do We All Love These Little Creatures?

THE OLD PARTNERSHIP

Some pennies rattled into the blind match-seller's tin, and a girl's voice said:

"What a dear dog!"

"He is, miss," replied the old man, who has sat with his mongrel in a Knightsbridge thoroughfare as long as most people can remember. In fine weather the old man sits on a little camp stool with the dog asleep in his arms, but in winter the dog lies in a box set on its side so that a roof keeps off the rain.

Companions of the Gutter

The girl stroked the mongrel, who took no notice of her, but gazed adoringly into his master's sightless eyes.

"He does seem fond of you!" she exclaimed.

The old man showed her a stout stick, and said:

"Would you believe that I beat him twice a day with this?"

"No, I wouldn't," she replied.

"None of the ladies will believe it," said the old man in mock disgust.

She left them, the mongrel cuddled in the beggar's arms. No millionaire could buy that dog, she thought, and nothing could tempt the dog from his master. These companions of the gutter are luckier than some rich people, for few wealthy people have such a devoted friend as this beggar man.

In Regent Street is a blind woman who has a mongrel dog to keep her company and guide her home. One day a kind stranger gave her a ticket for a concert, and she had to leave the dog with the commissioner at the theatre door. The little creature was frantic at the thought that he had lost his mistress, and never since then has he consented to leave her for a minute.

Attracting the Pennies

These two mongrels are more than friends to their shabby owners, because they help to draw pennies from people's pockets. Those who would pass by the matchboxes on the blind beggar's tray stop at the sight of a dog. The mongrels deserve to be ranked as partners.

There can be no doubt that the average man loves a dog, and it is no good asking why. Is it because dogs are small and friendly and because they need us, or is it because men are grateful to the creatures that helped them in the days when man lived by hunting and wore the skins of wild beasts? Whatever the reason, the fact remains: Give the average man a puppy, and it is love at first sight. And what a good thing it is! After all, the more love in the world the better.

THINGS SAID

I never want to see a racket again.

Mademoiselle Lenglen

Your contribution to the sum of things is yourself.

Boy Scouts Association

Father Christmas often walks through Islington in a policeman's uniform.

Rev. J. Shepherd

I am sorry for anybody who depends for his pleasures on what he can buy.

Dr. L. P. Jacks

I was at sea all through the war, and never saw the enemy on or under the water or in the air.

Captain F. A. Hemming

May we suggest that at the Cenotaph Service on Armistice Day the display of martial glamour be dispensed with?

Three Ex-Service Men

William Harvey's hospital had been working 500 years when his discovery was made. Think of the changes it has since seen as the result of his revelation!

Professor C. Lovatt Evans

THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

EAST AND WEST AT THE LEAGUE

The Coming Together of All Sorts and Types of People

CHINA'S HOPE

By Our League Correspondent

*East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet*

If Mr. Kipling has followed the creation and development of the League of Nations we think a little suspicion must have crept into his mind that he might perhaps re-write these lines today. Had he been in Geneva in September he would have seen some encouraging possibilities.

A delegate from India told the Assembly of a centre now organised in Delhi for coordinating and aiding the League of Nations societies scattered over the country. He spoke of the interchange of Public Health officials arranged in India by the League last spring, and of the forthcoming visit of the Malaria Commission, as being greatly welcomed by health workers.

Councillors From the East

The Child Welfare societies there, too, are stimulated and helped by the existence of the League Committee keeping them informed of methods that have proved valuable and in touch with the societies of other nations.

A distinguished Indian is now vice-president of the League Economic Consultative Committee, and another sits on the Committee on Intellectual Cooperation. Persia has just been elected to a seat on the Council, the first Moslem country to attain that position. Japan, as we know, has a permanent seat, and has always taken a share in League activities. There will be many regrets that it should so happen that China, by the rules drawn up two years ago, vacates her seat just at the moment when she is emerging from her troubles and reaching a more settled government.

A Hopeful Chinese View

The delegate for China was one of the first speakers at this Assembly, and he pleaded for the good offices of the League in bringing about better economic relations between his country and others, being confident that help thus given by the West to the East (the technical and financial help which it is so well able to offer) would open up a wide field for international co-operation. His view is a more hopeful one than Mr. Kipling's. It is that East and West, representing different types of civilisation, complete each other, making two parts of one whole, and he sees their meeting-place in the League of Nations. He hopes the League may prove a veritable shock absorber, preventing not only conflicts, but jars.

The suggestion of such a high mission, bringing West and East together in friendship, is a mark of splendid confidence in the future of the League, and a great stimulus to our thoughts about what it may accomplish.

LIBRARY TALKS

We have been looking through the subjects of half-hour afternoon talks to be given during the winter months at the Bristol Central Reference Library to children from the upper classes of the elementary schools.

Here they are: Drawing, Bird Life, Southey, Chatterton, School Life in the 18th Century, The Meaning of Science, Haydn, Mountain Climbing, British Trading, Tales from New Zealand.

The talks will be introductions to the books in the library which will further illustrate the subjects. It is an excellent plan, and we hope all libraries will follow it, as many now do.

THE GAME THAT RUGBY GAVE US



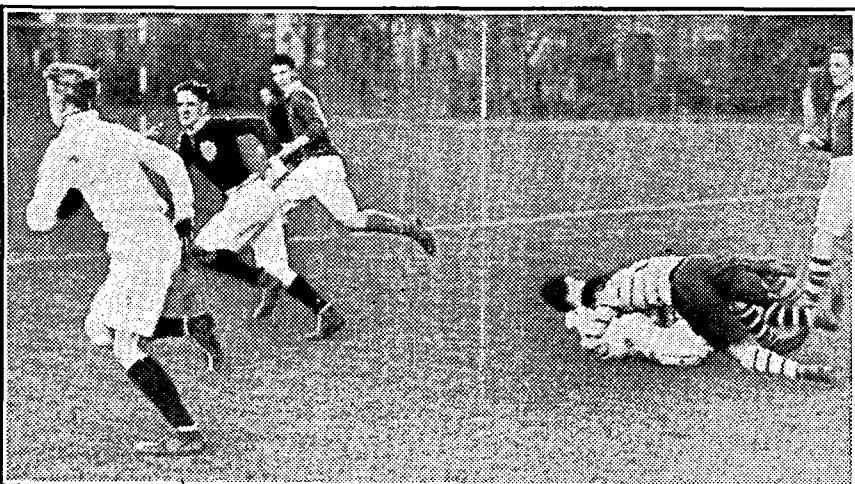
Jumping for the ball in a line-out



A scrum-half passes before he is tackled



The ball comes out of a scrummage



A thrilling race for the goal-line

Now that cricket bats have been put away for the winter schoolboys are preparing for the football season. We give here some pictures of the Rugby game, which grows in popularity every year. It is very different from the game that was played at Rugby in Tom Brown's schooldays, for modern players have made it much faster and more skilful.

THE OLD WINDMILL

SETTING IT UP AGAIN

A Thing of Beauty Moves Into Kent From Sussex

THE WIND AND THE WHEAT

Lovers of the beauty of the typical English landscape must regret the disappearance of the old windmills. One by one they are dismantled by the winter gales, or are pulled down as their rotted timbers make them unsafe.

Said an old man not very long ago in a Sussex village, "Only one windmill is left in these parts; it is on Appletree Hill, and it has not worked for many a day; but when I was a lad you could stand on the hill and count five-and-twenty, all working."

It is bound to be so, for the steam mills at our seaports can each grind more corn in a day than the windmill could grind in a month, with its irregular working, and they are fed by the corn-fields of all the world, whereas the windmill only grinds the corn of its own locality. Neither could the windmill gather the mixture of the different grades of corn that give modern flour its distinctive qualities.

The Old Loaf and the New

Those who are old enough to remember the loaf made from home-grown flour, ground in the local windmill and baked in the romantic dome-shaped brick oven, will taste in memory the delicious nutty flavour of the loaf with a crisp crust.

But they also must remember that in certain unfavourable seasons the local flour was so inclined to "run" in its doughy form that loaves lost their shape and became "sad." The modern loaf, unless memory plays one false, is never quite so appetising as the best of loaves were with the windmill flour and the old baking, but then it is never so bad as the worst of the old loaves were.

However, some of us may be able to test the difference again, for in Kent, down at Hildenborough, an old windmill which has been brought from near Bexhill, Sussex, is being restored and set to work again. Wheat will be ground in it, and baked in as near the old way as possible, and then will be offered for sale.

Windmill and Water-Mill

Whatever the result may be one thing is sure—the passing of the windmill (and the same may be said of the water-mill) is the passing of a romantic remnant of the historical life of rural Britain. There was a time when the water-mill in the valley and the windmill on the heath were centres toward which all cereal products were drawn. Every mill in the land was noted down in Domesday Book. The miller was a man who mattered much. He was as distinctive a figure as the village smith. Tennyson has drawn him from life:

I see the wealthy miller yet,
His double chin, his portly size,
And who that knew him could forget
The busy wrinkles round his eyes?
The slow, wise smile that, round about
His dusty forehead drily curled,
Seemed half-within and half-without,
And full of dealings with the world?

To him everyone had to bring his corn to be ground, and when he took toll from it as payment of course some were suspicious of the exact amount. We see that in the rhymed game of the children even of today.

There was a jolly miller who lived by himself,
As the wheel went round he made his pelf;
One hand in the hopper, and the other in the bag,
As the wheel went round he made his grab.

Well, the miller of the olden world has gone, and his mill is going, if not gone. Whether it was run by a dripping water-wheel or by the huge whirling arms of the windmill that set itself to catch the breezes, it is becoming a curiosity. But a few are happily still left to give character to an English landscape. One is in view from the windows of the Chailey Cripple Schools in the very heart of Sussex.

Picture on page 7

THE SLUM PEOPLE A SIGHT TO MAKE US WEEP

A Disappointment at Hull and a Success at Somerstown SLUM TURNED INTO FLATS

What to do with our slums is the most tragic of all our problems, all the more difficult because the slum-dwellers are often the least discontented people.

A City Councillor of Hull, Mrs. Hatfield, has been telling of her bitter disappointment in her efforts to give decent surroundings to the slum-dwellers of her town.

The local Housing Committee of which she is a member had built three-storey flats at rents as low as seven shillings a week; yet only three weeks after the slum folk had moved into them she saw in the sculleries of these new homes dirt and squalor which she would have thought impossible in so short a time. When she saw it she went into a side street and wept.

Self-Respect Lost

The only thing to do for such people, she says, is to build a kind of barracks, kept clean by Corporation servants, with a caretaker who would report dirty habits in the tenants.

This is one of the great difficulties in the battle with the slums. There are people who have become so discouraged by their surroundings that they have lost self-respect and have forgotten how to be clean. It is these people who give ground for the saying that slum-dwellers make their own slums and that it is useless to do anything for them.

Yet it is our duty to try to teach them better ways, and we cannot do so without giving them better opportunities. Moreover, it has to be remembered that there are vast numbers of people, especially since the war, who have been driven into overcrowded areas because they have nowhere else to go, and who would take fullest advantage of better surroundings if they could secure them.

How It Can Be Done

One of the most hopeful contributions to the problem of the slums is being made by voluntary societies which are buying up dilapidated house property, restoring it to decent condition, and dividing it up into flats. A typical piece of work of this kind has been done in London by the St. Pancras House Improvement Society at Somerstown.

They bought, for instance, a block of eight three-storey houses with basements, one empty and the other seven inhabited by 22 families. Starting with the empty house, and moving the people from the next house into it as soon as it was ready, they gradually restored and remodelled all eight houses, providing decent accommodation, including a bathroom, for each of the 22 families. Since then they have attacked larger blocks of property in the same manner.

The society's property is self-supporting and pays its way. We hope it will have many imitators.

FISHING NEWS

The papers contain news of three interesting angling competitions.

That at Bedford for a challenge cup brought only a single perch to land, weighing one ounce.

That at Sheffield brought no catch.

That on Deal pier brought up a hand-bag which a spectator had lost.

RULER OF THE HOTTEST COUNTRY

England has had a visit from the ruler of the hottest country in the world, the Sultan of Muscat and Oman, in Arabia, on the Persian Gulf.

The Sultan spent the first part of his visit at Skegness recovering from an operation, and has since been in London as the guest of the nation.

A Little Meeting at Geneva INSPIRATION FOR THE UNIVERSAL PEACE

The Coming Together of the Peoples of the World in Friendliness and Power RELIGION AS THE RALLYING POINT OF ALL NATIONS

It is a great pleasure to us to know that a great friend of the C.N., and one of our correspondents on the Continent, was the first to arrive at the gathering described below.

It is one of the unreported events of these great days at Geneva, and we describe it exactly as our French correspondent does in an informal letter.

I had a grand time today, a quite unexpected time, entirely new to me and thoroughly impressive. As I took up the paper this morning my eyes happened to drop on these lines:

this service will be the first one of the kind ever held since the beginning of the world. Everybody interested in the Universal Peace is invited to attend it.

What could it be? I would go and see for myself.

Why She Came

The rendezvous was at a famous picture gallery in Geneva. As I had arrived very much before the appointed time I found myself all alone in the place. Rows of seats had been provided, with a table and chair for a speaker.

I stood wondering when a middle-aged lady came in and sat in a corner. Thinking she might give me some explanation I went straight to her and said: "May I ask you why you came here this morning?"

"Most accidentally," the lady answered. "I am American, you see; I live in Washington and, extraordinarily enough, I happened to meet last night a great friend who had just come over from the States on account of a conference this service has to do with. He was too busy to give me further explanations, but he urged me to attend it, and here I am, yet quite ignorant of what is going to happen."

Why He Came

Soon after a third person entered the little hall, a Negro. He was rather shabbily dressed, he walked in somewhat hesitatingly; and he ended by taking a seat. "This one must know why he comes," I thought; and I inquired, "Prayers for peace," answered he; "ask Heaven for peace."

It was all he could say, but how stirring the eagerness of the man!

Then more people came in together, one little group of English and another little group of Americans, some gesticulating French, four Germans, more English and more Germans, and men and women from countries I could not exactly name, except those wearing native gowns, such as smart Chinese in white satin, several Hindu ladies, some Arabs, little Japanese, and a few Russians.

To me a religious service meant the presence of at least one priest, a clergyman, or minister; but none came, and I understood that none would come.

It was much more simple than that. At about ten o'clock one of us got up and asked permission to talk. He was American. He said something like this:

We all stand for the same idea, to make a new start in view of the Universal Peace; and we all mean to help this new start on through the same way, uniting our efforts in keeping our own religious feeling to the top, so that it may be high enough to understand the religious feeling of all the people of the world.

Next a German asked permission to talk, and he said something like this:

To my mind, the first thing is to try to realise that we all are people like one another; then to rejoice together that we are invited to stand up for justice; then to know that nothing is impossible.

After the German a Hindu asked to be allowed to speak. He said:

We Hindus are perhaps the only people in the world not believing that our own

religion is the only religion, for long before Jesus came we were taught that the Kingdom of Heaven is within each one of us, that when we have found it within us we shall find it everywhere.

Then a Frenchman rose and developed this idea:

Man is not an enchained slave; he has a part in the building of the world. If man means it, if his heart is big enough and his will quick enough, he can prove that Love is stronger than Hate. Let us first work at transforming ourselves in order to transform the world.

Other men of other countries imparted other thoughts. They were more or less cultured men. They expressed themselves more or less easily; but one thing was common to all: the thought that sincerity is perhaps one of the most important stepping-stones to higher realisations.

That beautiful morning ended by all of us joining in the universal prayer:

Our Father, Who art in Heaven,
a prayer which the children of God certainly never uttered more heartily since they have uttered it at all. I thank Heaven for having had the high privilege of joining so promising an international movement. SUZANNE VERAN

One God and Father

The conference following this little gathering was a long-awaited event at which our League correspondent was present, with men and women of the great religions of the world, met definitely to consider how religion can help the cause of peace. This is the account our League correspondent sends us.

The place and time for starting on this enterprise were well chosen. In one part of Geneva the Assembly of the League, divided into its committees, was intent on its work of increasing international cooperation, of establishing laws for the guidance of international affairs, of settling political difficulties, all of it paving the way for a world without war; in another part of the city the thoughts of others, also drawn from all corners of the world, were intent on the part religion may play in this immense concerted effort.

It was a preliminary meeting only, called by the Church Peace Union of the United States to consider a proposal to hold a world-wide conference in 1930. Priests and pastors of India and China, of Islam and of the Jewish faith, mingled with Westerners.

Brothers in Adventure

The difficulty of deciding on the place for the conference, whether in the East or the West or half-way between, was not solved, and was left to a committee, but the aims and objects were defined. These, among others, are—to state the highest teachings of each religion on the subject of peace, to record what the various Churches are doing in the cause of peace, to stimulate all international cooperation which leads in the direction of peace, and to seek opportunities for action against violence.

A wide-scattered committee of a thousand people is to be formed, not to meet but to spread abroad the news of the coming conference, to create interest and to concentrate attention.

Two men stood together on the platform at the public meeting with which this preliminary small conference was opened. Their presence was symbolical. They were brothers in adventure in their earlier days, renowned explorers, one of the Arctic Seas and one of the hidden lands of Tibet: they were Dr. Nansen and Sir Francis Younghusband. As chairman and first speaker they inaugurated this new adventure, ready to give themselves to it with all their old enthusiasm and to inspire others to follow.

GREAT ACHIEVEMENT IN THE ATLANTIC

Laying a New Cable ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS AND VALLEYS OF THE SEA

In these days of wireless telegraphy it seems startling to hear of the laying down of a new Atlantic cable, yet we have to remember that messages by cable are still more accurate and reliable than wireless.

The laying of the latest Atlantic cable is a wonderful achievement. It has been laid from Newfoundland to the Azores to work in connection with existing cables that meet there from Germany, Spain, Italy, and Northern Africa, which without it could not take their full load.

The new cable will take at the same time five separate messages each way, making ten in all, some 15,000 letters a minute in either direction.

The cable had to be made exactly the right length to lie on the mountains and valleys of the sea bed in a direct line between terminal and terminal, because at a certain distance from the shore at either end its construction had to be different from the rest.

Why Great Care is Needed

Thus it was necessary that the cable steamer paying it out into the ocean should not deviate to right or left of its exact course, whatever the wind or the weather. The journey was accomplished in seven days, when the cable exactly reached its destination, although on the fourth day the ship entered the outer edge of a cyclone and clouds made solar observations impossible for 30 hours.

It has to be remembered that the cable, far from being the massive affair we see in our streets when electric lighting cables are being laid down, is less than an inch thick through all its 1300-mile length. This means that the utmost care had to be used in paying it out lest it should snap and be lost in the ocean depths.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

About 2000 aliens were refused permission to land in England last year.

A new height record has been made by a German airman who reached 28,962 feet.

A Keswick guide has climbed Napes Needle, 2000 feet above Wastwater, a hundred times.

Horror

The latest horror in New York is the shouting of advertisements by airmen flying low.

A Little Talk to New York

An American visitor to London spent £285 for a talk to New York which lasted 95 minutes.

A Giant Anvil

An anvil block weighing 95 tons has been removed on a lorry from a Sheffield works; it was drawn by five engines.

A Good Turn Recognised

The Scout Certificate of Merit has been awarded to Scout J. K. Bailey for putting out a fire single-handed at Kettering.

The Cigarette-End

A lighted cigarette-end thrown overboard set alight to the harbour at Constantza, the water being covered with oil waste. The Spanish ship *Hermes* caught fire and suffered £125,000 worth of damage.

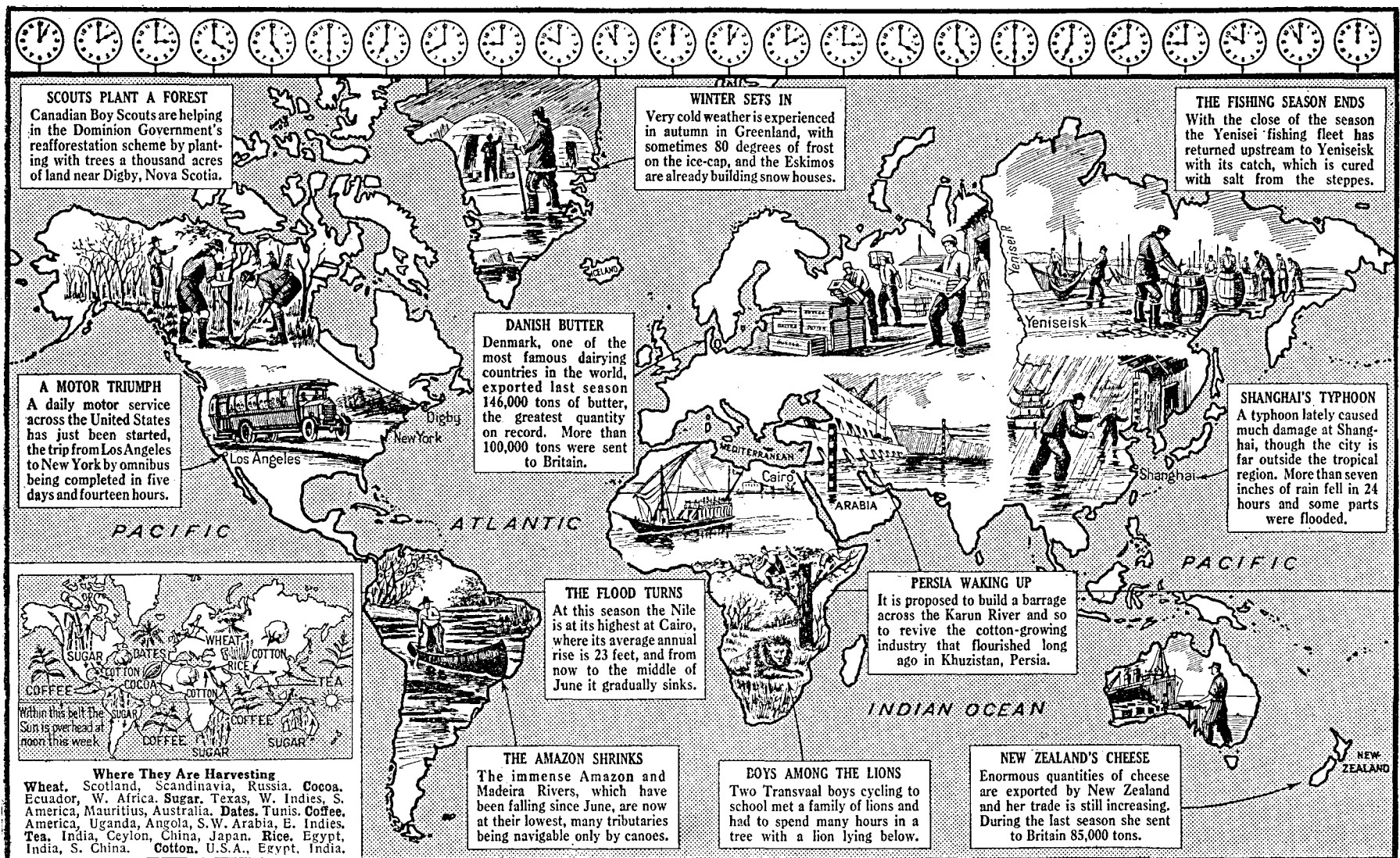
Treasure Trove

Gerald Grimsdell, a nine-year-old boy living in the north of London, has a patch of garden in what was once the old Forest of Middlesex. Digging there the other day he found 600 silver Roman coins about the size of a sixpence.

Robert Owen at Geneva

In the article on Robert Owen the other week it was stated that the bust of Owen for the I.L.O. had already been put in its place at Geneva; but we learn that it is not yet ready and will probably be fixed next spring.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



YOUNG AMBASSADORS 20,000-Mile Trip in the Empire

A party of 25 youths and 25 maidens between 14 and 21 has been privileged to perform a particularly notable service to the Empire.

They are the 50 young people who competed successfully in the Empire Travel and Scholarship Scheme established by the Daily Sketch and its allied newspapers, and their reward was a free trip to Canada and back, and a seven-weeks tour there. They bear the proud title of Young Ambassadors of the Empire, for their mission has been to improve Canada's knowledge of Britain and Britain's knowledge of the great Dominion.

They must have travelled 20,000 miles by water, rail, and road. They came from all kinds of schools and return to all kinds of homes; they saw all kinds of Canadians on their tour, and they return with a new vision of life and a message of hope and discovery.

Already Mr. Bruce, the Prime Minister of Australia, has expressed the wish that the scheme may be extended to the Commonwealth, and it is the hope of Allied Newspapers that the scheme may ultimately cover the whole Empire. We hope many C.N. readers will become Young Ambassadors of the Empire before long.

LAST YEAR AND THIS

This year is clearly going to prove one of the sunniest of the century. Last year, on the other hand, is now placed on record as the wettest since 1903.

According to a report issued by the Air Ministry, it attained this unenviable distinction largely by the intense thunderstorm rain of July, the wet December in South-Eastern England, and the remarkable snowstorms at Christmas.

Snowdon recorded almost 200 inches of rain, and Blaenau Ffestiniog, near by, had six inches in a single day.

VOTES FOR EVERY HOUSE What Must Be Done

Five and a half million new women voters must be on the election register next spring in time for the General Election in June, and the authorities are setting about the preparation of the register immediately.

In the old days it was the business of the voters themselves to see that their names were on the register if they wanted to vote, but generally party agents did the work for them. Then it became the business of the local authorities.

Now, however, it is to be the business of the head of each household to make a return of the number of voters under his roof. He must give the name of everybody over 21, and if he fails to do so he will be liable to a penalty of £20. Forms will be distributed from door to door next month.

THE ELECTRIC LINER Most Comfortable Ship Afloat?

There was launched on the Clyde the other day the first electric passenger liner built in Europe. Its electricity is generated by turbines from steam boilers burning oil fuel.

It sounds a curious combination, but great results are expected from it. Over 600 feet long, and developing 18,000 horse-power, this new P. and O. liner is expected to be entirely free from vibration and noise, and should be the most comfortable passenger ship of her size afloat.

Her name is the Viceroy of India, and she was launched by Lady Irwin, wife of the Viceroy.

GRATEFUL SCHOLARS

Oxford's American Rhodes scholars wish to show their gratitude for what she has given them, so they have formed a trust fund in charge of the Bank of Manhattan to be used for the benefit of their old University.

THE WINDMILL PLANE Autogiro Crosses the Channel

Señor Juan de la Cierva's wonderful Autogiro, the windmill aeroplane, has successfully crossed the Channel after a 3000-mile tour in Britain.

Its inventor, in improving it, has made 40 successful models, and he hopes to make many more improvements. In a later model it is hoped to raise it vertically from the ground by working the windmill blades from the engine.

As C.N. readers know, the windmill apparatus consists of four propeller blades spinning freely horizontally at the top of an almost vertical shaft which rises from the body of the machine. The effect of this windmill spinning is to enable the aeroplane to take care of itself, as it were, so that the pilot can give all his attention to the engine.

One very special quality of the plane is that it lands with the motor cut off and at a relatively low speed. To this was due the fact that when the Autogiro crashed the other day at Le Bourget, owing to a fault in the landing gear, neither Señor de la Cierva nor his passenger was hurt.

LOST EXPLORER News of Colonel Fawcett

Definite news comes at last of the fate of Colonel Fawcett, who set out three years ago to explore the Upper Amazon.

Accompanied by his son and Mr. Raleigh Rimell, he hoped to study the habits of the wild tribesmen of that region. The last message received from him was dispatched from the threshold of the vast Matto Grosso Plateau. Recently there were reports that he was alive in the jungle, and Commander Dyott set out in search of him. The commander had some perilous adventures among hostile natives before he found definite proofs of Fawcett's death; now he has arrived safely at a station on the Rio Xingu, one of the Amazon's mighty tributaries.

THE OLD HOME OF THE ARCHBISHOPS Another Chequers

SAVING AN ANCIENT HOUSE
The Rural District Council of Hendon has done a splendid thing in saving Headstone Manor.

It has had a very long history, and the most interesting part was from 1344 to 1545, when it was the country retreat of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Just as our Prime Ministers leave 10, Downing Street for the peace of Chequers so the Archbishops would leave Lambeth Palace and ride to Headstone Manor.

The last Archbishop to hold the manor was the first Archbishop to be a Protestant, Thomas Cranmer. Here, perhaps, he discussed the translation of the Bible into English, or planned letters to Henry the Eighth urging him to suppress the monasteries and bestow their wealth on schools and colleges. He himself surrendered the house to the king, who bestowed the lands on his favourites instead of endowing schools. Then he died, and his daughter Mary had Cranmer burned to death as a heretic.

Headstone has changed hands often since then, and the old farmhouse has been rebuilt, but it is still beautiful with its moat, its tall trees, and its great tithe barn, built in the fifteenth century, 150 feet long and 40 feet wide. We must all rejoice to think that it will not be swept away to be replaced by jerry-built bungalows. For £8000 the District Council has bought the old house and 63 acres, which will be laid out in sports grounds and allotments, while the old buildings are to be carefully preserved.

BEGINNING WELL

A 15-year-old boy, Lance-Corporal J. B. Elrick, has been awarded the Boys Brigade Cross for heroism in rescuing a small boy from drowning at Fraserburgh. The boy had fallen into the dock and Elrick had to dive deep in muddy water before he could find him.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 6

1928

As the Mountains Are Round About Jerusalem

THERE are hundreds of English people just now resting on the hills and remembering again, with infinite pride, how beautiful is their inheritance.

It is not for nothing that England is loved so, her green hills with their rocky summits, her shining rivers, her wide moors running purple and grey to the horizon, her woods and copses with sweet birds singing. In her woods now the robins are fluting their sad, sweet little airs; on her hill slopes the sun lies golden, and the healthy ground frosts throw up their web of mist.

It is good to go out from the noisy town and rest the eye and ear on these high places,

*Where God stands winding His lonely horn
And time and the world are ever in flight.*

It is good to learn the lesson of the hills, that steadfastness and strength are necessary for any kind of a climb, and sweet is the air when won on the heights. In that upper blue we learn how useless it is to worry and fret about little things. We learn how great are the changeless purposes of God for good. The human race is ever climbing, and happiest in the high lands of endeavour.

No one has ever measured the effect of the natural world on our thoughts and impulses. By necessity we must live in a groove and beat out the hours of our daily occupation in school or at work. A life that is not organised goes astray. The streets and lines of a town have an unconscious effect on the eye so that we may easily imagine the whole world to be parcelled out in rows and lots.

Once on a high hill our thoughts can go anywhere. There are no walls to stop the imagination from wandering. An Irish poet was thinking about this the other day when he said that thoughts were like light-footed goats leaping across the crags of time.

Great ideals are worked out in the upper air, a great world seen before our feet, great purposes inspired. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth even for ever.

That is a thought that comes instinctively to the mind amid the enduring mountains, steadfastly doing their age-long duty, and strengthening us by their companionship to do our part in the mighty scheme of life. We may not read its riddles, but we may know with unshaken sureness that while we do what our hearts tell us best we are workers together with God.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Five Points

IT is always interesting and helpful to see the impressions made by public events on observers of great experience, and we take these five points which a very capable observer notes in the world of today.

1. A belief that the State has a purse from which all can be made rich.
2. An entire disappearance of the old reluctance to take public relief.
3. A growing tendency to put the pleasures and luxuries of life first.
4. A frightful growth of the gambler's belief that relief will come from some stroke of luck; and a thirst for getting rich quick.
5. A belief of even young workers that the less they do the more work there will be for the unemployed.

Most people will agree that these five points of view have crept into the minds of millions since the war began, and it may be doubted if anything worse has happened among all the legacies the war has left us.

No End to the World

By Peter Puck

A wise astronomer, U.S.A., Declares this planet has come to stay, He says it never will fade away As his predecessors thought; He says that another splendid sun Will take the place of the present one If that for mischief or else for fun Should happen to come to naught. It's certainly nice, and fit for song, To know that Shakespeare for once was wrong

And feel that we all can now prolong Our love for the dear old Earth. But what will the traffic problems be In nineteen million and thirty-three? And the noise of it all, good gracious me! Now is it a theme for mirth?

A Best-Seller

WE talk of our best-sellers today, and it is a long time since we counted a Blue Book among them. But the coming of another Captain Cook centenary reminds us of something worth recalling.

Captain Cook, brave simple man, was no great writer, but the story of his last voyage, compiled from his journal, was bought more eagerly than any other book of adventure ever written before it.

It was brought out four years after his death, at four and a half guineas, which was no mean price in the year 1784, but it was sold out in three days, and buyers paid twice as much or more to get a copy.

The Government of the day, which furnished the material, must have been surprised to find themselves publishers of a best-seller. The public which bought it did not grudge the money, but they thought the discoveries it recorded had been paid for at too high a price in the death of the great sailor who had made them.

So Sweet a Place

WE have found a little country walk within two minutes of Fleet Street, a heavenly little place for a quiet five minutes. We were thinking how beautiful it was, with the trees and the fountain and the lawns, and the river close by, when our eye caught a name on the doorway behind us. Who lived in that peaceful haven, we wondered, and, looking up, we read: *Mr. W. Shakespeare.*

We are glad W. Shakespeare has so sweet a place to live in. So great a name deserves it.

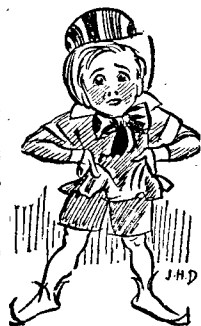
Tip-Cat

A JUDGE's life is not all fun. Nevertheless, it is safer to laugh whenever he makes a joke.

MUSSOLINI says he is incapable of deceiving his friends. How well they must know him!

THERE is nothing so exciting as a really close race, says a sportsman. That is why everybody is talking about the Scots.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If an overdraft upsets a bank balance

ALL men may be born equal, but many of them outgrow it.

THE world thinks it will abandon war now that it is as costly to win as to lose.

AN American has offered £5000 for the best essay on how to make Prohibition effective.

Our essay is given for nothing: *Keep the law.*

MAMMOTH Issue Daily cries one of our picture newspapers. And there was not a mammoth in it.

WE gather from a British Association speaker that life is largely sugar and gas. Just so.

A Violet

FOR all good things we thank God Who made them.

The last good thing to reach us is the sweetness of a violet from the other side of the world. Sent by a Girl Guide of South Australia, its colour still unfaded, its scent is lovely still, though it has come round half the globe.

Sweetness and a little remembrance: how welcome they are on bothering Monday morning!

Deliver Us From Evil

Almighty God, Who knowest the many and great dangers by which we are beset, be unto us, both this day and all our days, our strong and sufficient helper. Deliver us from sloth and pride and from all that is false in thought or act, and teach us to watch and pray that we enter not into temptation; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The Lumber Room

THERE'S a room in our house at the top of the stairs (I will take you if ever you come), And we'll creep hand in hand, for nobody dares

To walk all alone to the Lumb; And why a small maid Is a little afraid You will know when you enter the Lumb.

It is large and untidy, and there you will find Lots of things that need mending with gum, And poor broken dollies of every kind In the room that we know as the Lumb;

But is it quite nice, When you think of the mice, To be all by yourself in the Lumb? AND whenever I enter I feel very sad

For dollies that spoke to me once now are dumb, And many are legless and blind, but I'm glad

To find my old pets in the Lumb: And I sit down once more With my dolls on the floor Of the room that we know as the Lumb.

AND as soon as our baby is able to walk I shall take his wee hand till we come

To that wonderful attic, and there I shall talk Of the dollies that rest in the Lumb: But he cannot know

How I loved long ago Those friends he will see in the Lumb. Edward Shillite

Overheard

From a Correspondent

A LUCKY friend of ours came in the other day to tell her sister of an afternoon she had had in a friend's yacht. "And what have you been doing?" said she to the other.

"Oh, nothing," said the other. "Old Gramophone turned up to tea, and I had to listen to the same old stories and to smile at the same old jokes, but he enjoyed it and had a good tea, and went away quite pleased."

Old Gramophone is the nickname for the prize bore in the neighbourhood, but as I heard the conversation, and looked at the fresh kind young face of the girl who had been kind to a worthy old gentleman, and had borne patiently and gracefully with him for over two hours, I could not help thinking that she had been spending just as valuable an afternoon as her more dashing acquaintance, and I silently wished for her a young friend in her own old age, when she would want someone to listen and to smile,

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

GLASGOW hospitals have received ten £100 notes from somebody unknown.

MR. BERNHARD BARON has given £500,000 to hospitals, orphans and cripples.

NORTHWARD HO!

GREAT SILENCE OVER THE ARCTIC

The Last Resting-Place of Brave Captain Amundsen

FOOD CENTURIES OLD

Winter night is closing down upon the Arctic, and gloom and silence enshroud the human harvest of a year.

The search for Amundsen has been abandoned and we must count him finally lost. He knew the C.N., and wrote to the Editor not long ago that its sympathy and encouragement had been an inspiration to him.

A gallant, imperious, difficult man, he lies somewhere in those bitter regions whose annals he helped to glorify, dead, we must suppose, with the men who flew with him, near the tragic victims of the Italia he set forth to seek. A dozen heroic men have paid toll with their lives this year for this latest attempt to pierce the secrets which Nature in the North guards with a stern and merciless hand.

Secrets of the Snows

But, unless Amundsen's aeroplane fell into the sea and carried him and his comrades to the bottom, the last word has not been written. The Arctic snows enfold, they do not obliterate, unless the waters have swallowed all traces of tragedy. Heat and the jungle with its myriad life-forms destroy; cold with its ice and snow embalms, and, it may be centuries later, surrenders its secret. That applies, of course, equally to the Antarctic, where dead men dear to British memories sleep their last sleep.

It is 83 years since Sir John Franklin and his 134 officers vanished from mortal ken, but relics of this greatest of Arctic disasters have been coming to light for over 70 years. Only three years ago Knud Rasmussen, the Danish explorer, encountered an Eskimo whose father was actually in personal contact with the men of the doomed expedition.

After 80 Years

The Eskimo conducted Rasmussen to places where, after all these years, dead men from the Franklin crews still lay. He knew of four spots and found two. There lay the bodies, with fragments of clothing still on them. After 80 years their white discoverer gave them a funeral and raised a cairn above their remains, and on it hoisted two flags, the British and the Danish, at half-mast.

For a year or more we knew where lay the bodies of Scott, Wilson, and Bowers, housed in their little tent of death on the Antarctic ice-sheet. But we could not find them today; the ice-sheet moves; it travels like a slow, sure glacier. When last sought the tent and its dead occupants had gone; they had started on a long journey from the South Pole, North, toward England, however slow the progress. Perhaps Commander Byrd, who is heading South another Antarctic expedition, may rediscover the precious remains.

Relics of Old Disasters

Strange things happen in these cold latitudes North and South. In 1578 tough Frobisher stored supplies in frozen Terra Incognita, intending to return in the following year. He never returned, and it remained for Captain C. F. Hall to discover the store in 1861. William Barents, the Dutch pioneer, who died in seeking the North-East Passage in 1597, left supplies and a diary which were not found till 274 years later. All was as perfect and complete as when left.

More romantic was the experience of the Ross Sea Party in Shackleton's last Antarctic expedition. While out laying depôts toward the South Pole the party were overtaken by terrible blizzards and cut off from their base. Short of food and in peril of death from starvation and cold, the party found one of Scott's old huts and here they were imprisoned, almost without food. Then

CORN IN THE MERSEY BED

A RIVER of gold is running in place of a grey tide near Warburton.

The bed of the Mersey, where the river gave up her waters to the famous Ship Canal, is thick with corn, "yellowing to the sheaf." You can stand and see the rich way winding and think of the stubborn goodness of the earth. After being defeated of her comfortable stream she gives of her richness to the planted grain so that nothing be lost.

It is an extraordinarily charming picture, with wheat waving like a great yellow snake amid the pasture land.

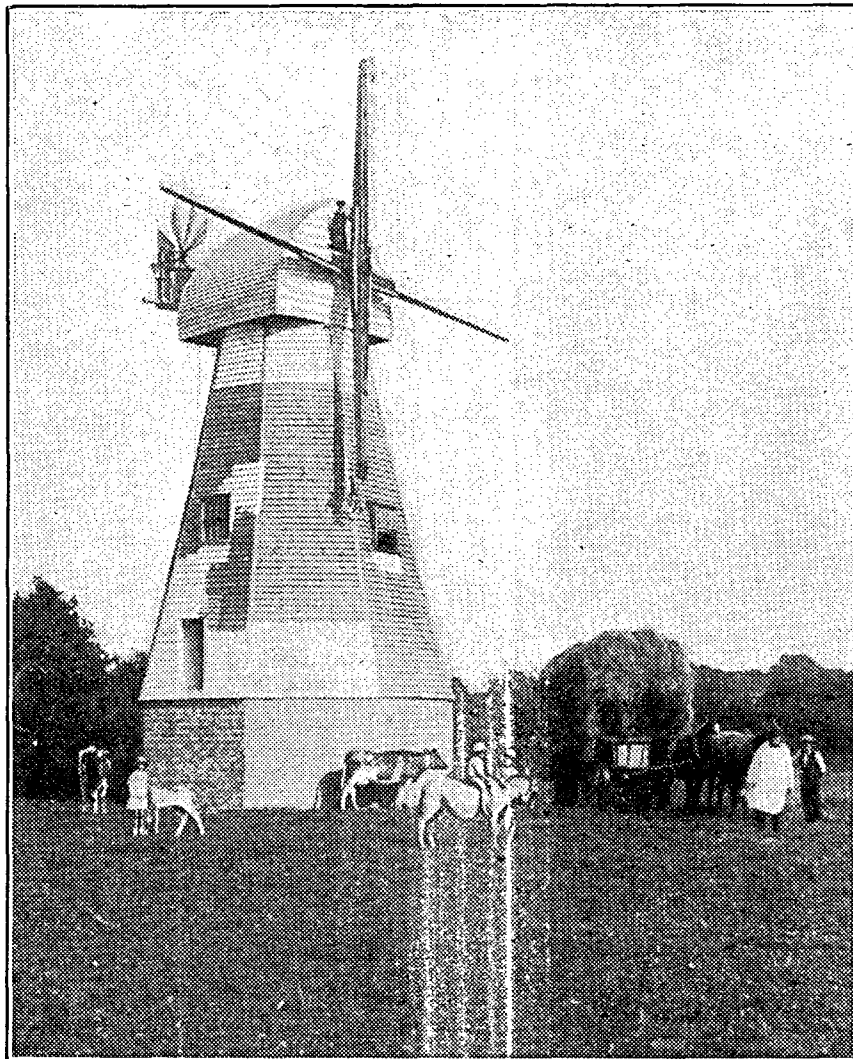
There are plenty of fathers and mothers of C.N. readers who can remember the battle of the Ship Canal, and the hard times seen before the waters of the Mersey were diverted into a trade route for great ships.

Many years of dreams went from men's brains to hover on that sulky stream where now the corn is waving; many years of battle between city and city;

three years to get the Manchester Ship Canal Bill through. Then the day came, in 1894, when the canal was opened. Ocean ships steamed right up into the Port of Manchester with their clatter and wealth, and passed by, now on the starboard, now on the port beam, stretches of the old river which had given of its life so that the canal might come into being at last.

The rich ooze of the deserted waterway dried up. Earth was piled into the bed to make it level with the surrounding land. Years passed, and now the corn is waving on the Mersey bed, carrying with it more than the sweet yearly message that seed-time and harvest shall not fail. It carries the message of hope, of stimulus to a great endeavour; it reminds us that no memorable work is done without bitter cost; it tells us again that the forces of life are tremendous, unconquerable, and that they are in our own hands. *Picture on page 12*

THE OLD MILL TURNS AGAIN



England's windmills, which have long since fallen into disuse, are gradually disappearing. Very few have survived the winter gales and the ravages of time, but this old mill at Hildenborough in Kent has been brought from near Bexhill and reconstructed, and will be used again for grinding corn. See page 3.

Continued from the previous column

one day Mr. J. L. Cope, who was acting as cook, fell over a snow heap in the darkness and struck his hand against something hard. He carried this into the hut and held it before the blubber fire. It thawed into fresh meat, and revealed a piece of paper on which were written the words: "I have left this mutton for you. There is plenty for the dogs in the store outside."

The note was unsigned, but was dated, and the discoverer knew that he had providentially stumbled in the mid-winter darkness on food left years before by Captain Scott, himself now dead. The hungry men dug deep in the snow and found ample meat and tobacco, a sack of potatoes, another of onions, one of oranges, and a Christmas pudding.

That food, a gift from the dead, saved their lives. They lived to return and tell the wonderful tale of a new manna

in a wilderness where all is ice and snow, and the wind at 150 miles an hour cuts men and metal like a sandblast. We must still hope for evidence from the Arctic.

THE BATTLESHIP AND ITS SILVER BELL

Tynesiders have presented the largest silver bell in the world, weighing over a hundredweight and a half, to one of the two largest battleships afloat, the Nelson, built in Armstrong's shipyard.

There is good hope that there will never be any battleships larger than the Nelson and the Rodney, and they may well be almost the last battleships ever built, for the next Washington Conference may agree that battleships shall be abolished altogether.

Then Tyneside's silver bell may ring in an era of peace.

SOUTHWARD HO!

TWO TRAWLERS CROSSING THE WORLD

Spirit of Drake and Cook Behind a Great Adventure

OLD ARGONAUTS AND NEW

A very gallant sea adventure is at present in progress to remind us that the brave spirit of Drake and Cook is not dead.

Two little trawlers, the Almeida and the Seville, now renamed by Australian titles the Goolgway and Durraveen, with 28 hardy fishermen to man them, have steamed out of Fleetwood bound for Australia. There the trawlers are to join the fishing-fleet of Sydney, and their crews are to seek their fortunes and make their homes.

Founding an Empire

Planning to call at four ports to replenish supplies of food and coal, the adventurers expect to take seven weeks over their voyage across half the Earth's circumference. If they realise their hopes they will occupy but little more than a third of the time it took the expedition of little ships which carried the first British colony to Australia 140 years ago. That, like the present, was a very great adventure, but how different in character! This is a private enterprise; that was to found an Empire.

The nine little ships sailing from home in 1787 had a personnel of 1163, of whom 720 were convicts—565 men, 144 women, and six children. Tiny sailing-ships composed the fleet, 3200 tons in all, less than the tonnage of many a single whaler of modern times.

The Fleetwood fishermen go out in quest of fortune and freedom as ample as that which they enjoyed at home; the first settlers from the gaols were not ever to be allowed to mix with the guiltless, and if they committed any crime meriting capital punishment the commander of the expedition proposed not to execute them, but to confine the criminal until an opportunity offered of "delivering him to the natives of New Zealand to be eaten."

The Spirit of Drake

If Captain Cook prepared the way for an Empire in the South, it was the spirit of Drake which fired him to his deeds, as it fires these gallant fellows who are now steaming blithely across the world in their little trawlers. Once Drake had sailed the seas there were multitudes of seamen ready and ardent to follow in his wake.

In the 16th century, when the sea was full of unknown terrors for simple souls, men like these Argonauts of Fleetwood crossed the wide Atlantic to fish off the teeming banks of Newfoundland, where, as Cabot had told them, life in the water was so abundant as sometimes to impede the progress of a ship. The daring of those men has never been eclipsed. Their craft were tiny, many of them without deck or shelter from sea and weather, and the hulls were so crudely fashioned that often it was necessary to bind them with ropes to prevent their falling asunder.

The Pioneers

Food was bad till the fishing-grounds were reached; labour on board was often an agony, as men smarted from wounds caused by the ceaseless salt spray. The weaklings died; the strong survived, and from these arose the matchless race of fighting mariners who made us mistress of the seas.

These tough seamen were the real pioneers of Empire. It was their tales that fired public imagination, their success which made men of more substance and resource seek greater ends and more abiding tenure.

The old spirit survives today; it is that which is driving the Fleetwood fishermen so gaily over the deep seas to share the possession we inherit from brave Captain Cook.

A WONDER ACROSS THE EARTH

WHAT A MAN CAN DO THERE

The Achievements Possible in West Australia's Wheatfields CORN BETTER THAN GOLD

Four months ago we quoted from a newspaper of Western Australia a proud challenge to the world to show that anywhere else than in Western Australia a man could plough, seed, and harvest 300 acres of wheat by himself.

So far we have heard of no reply from other wheat-growing lands. But from Western Australia itself we have received claims that make the 300 acres of wheat per man look small.

Our correspondent has been growing wheat there during the last five years. Before he went out he knew nothing of farming, or farming machinery designed for quick work on a large scale.

Work Done in Five Years

Here are his records. In 1924 he ploughed, seeded, and harvested 300 acres with the assistance of one man, who carted seed and superphosphate into the paddock. In 1925 he ploughed, seeded, and harvested 420 acres without assistance. In 1926 he ploughed and seeded 860 acres, but the season was so dry at first that 300 acres malted, and had to be re-seeded. Rabbits ate 400 acres. He had the assistance of one man. In 1927 he ploughed, seeded, and harvested 550 acres. This year he has 510 acres under crop, and 300 acres fallowing for next season's crop, and he has been unassisted.

How can it be done? Well, using a team of eight horses he can cultivate and seed 24 acres of fallowed land each day, as the machine sows the fertiliser and the seed simultaneously.

Harvesting, too, is different. With six horses and a harvester cutting an 8-foot swathe the wheat is delivered ready for market off the machine into bags. The heat permits the instant threshing of the wheat.

He works about fifteen hours a day every day except Sunday; and so does every wheat-grower who is really keen. On Sunday church services are held where possible in the morning, and in the afternoon cricket is played in summer and football in winter.

A Justifiable Grumble

Our correspondent, a staunch Britisher, adds a grumble; and no wonder. Why are all their machinery and tools, all the axes with which they clear hundreds of acres of timber, and most of the tractor and motor-cars bought from America.

Every year America sends experts to consider conditions and push business. He has a British reaper and binder that has been in use for 20 years, and is only idle now because he cannot get spare parts. There is not an American machine in America that could last 20 years. Why cannot Britain supply this market with her better goods?

We cannot supply the answer to our correspondent's question. It should be addressed to British manufacturers.

We are sure our readers will be glad to have this glimpse of wheat-growing in Western Australia, where the value of the wheat and flour exported has outstripped the value of its wool by 40 per cent, become more than three times that of its timber, and five times that of its gold.

THE OLDEST WOMAN DOCTOR

Freiburg, in Germany, claims to have the first and oldest woman doctor in Europe in Dr. Mathilde Theyssen, who has just celebrated her 90th birthday.

She attended wounded soldiers on the battlefields during the Franco-Prussian War, two generations ago, and was twice wounded in doing so.

PETER PUCK CALLING

On Pets

Several people (said Peter Puck) have asked me to broadcast a talk on pets.

One correspondent says that the companionship of dumb animals ennobles and broadens human beings. She is quite right, and she might have added that the companionship of human beings sometimes broadens a dumb animal, as in the case of the lady of Riga.



I am ready to advise all my listeners to keep a pet, but I also warn them to consider very seriously the suitability of the creature they intend to adopt. Dogs are not to be recommended, because they are taxed; nor cats, because they give themselves airs; nor goldfish, because they set a bad example by not breathing through their noses.

At present there are not many people in England who keep a streptococcus, but some judges say that the breed will become more fashionable than the saluki or the ukulele before long. These dainty pets can only be seen under a microscope, and they are just the thing for people who live in small flats or bungalows. They make good mascots, too, for they can be smuggled past the customs officers.

A Bulldog Grip

Although the streptococcus is so small he has plenty of pluck and character, and will attack much larger creatures. He has a bulldog grip, and many a stalwart man has been carried into hospital with a streptococcus hanging on to him like grim death.

For nervous people who prefer a less pugnacious pet a happy choice would be the elephant, who is as docile as the streptococcus is quarrelsome. But it must be conceded that the elephant takes up a lot of room on the hearthrug and he rarely proves a good ratter.

There are folk who declare that incomparably the best pet for a school-boy is a winkle, because it requires a minimum of exercise and grooming; but this is a mistake. Winkles are very sensitive and will mope if neglected. They should only be kept by people who have leisure to give them the loving sympathy they need.

The Jealous Winkle

An uncle of mine had a winkle named Ambrose, who was happy for hours if he played the flute to it, or read aloud from the works of Cagliostro. When my uncle took to keeping a stickleback as well the poor winkle showed obvious signs of jealousy and died soon after.

I knew a man once who lived in a semi-detached villa in a suburban road, and was maddened by the similarity of the gardens. They might have been made by machinery, they were so monotonously alike. Each had a lawn eight feet long by eighteen inches wide, a bird bath thirteen inches round, an aerial, a rustic arch, and a rockery. Again and again he said to me, grinding his teeth, "What can I do to make my garden distinctive?"

The Hippo and the Lawn

At last he had an inspiration. One night he brought home a hippopotamus for the bird bath. At once it gave his garden a cachet all the others lacked.

It was a pretty sight to see the new pet gambolling with the Persian kitten or frisking at his master's heels when he

THE OLD LADY AND THE WARDROBE

An Awkward Five Minutes

An elderly lady was living in a flat in west-end Paris. On the ground floor of the block of flats was the little house of the concierge, who took in messages and parcels and looked after the tenants generally.

One afternoon the building was very quiet, most of the tenants, except for the old gentleman who lived just under the old lady's flat, either dozing or out. Suddenly there was a heavy bang in the building. The old gentleman jumped up.

The Fire Alarm

The noise seemed to come from just over his head, but he was not sure. He heard someone knocking—thick, dull knocks; he thought he heard groans. He ran down to the concierge and told her. Another tenant in the block had heard the sounds and joined them. The three went along passages until they found where the noises came from. They were from the old lady's flat.

They rang and knocked, but no one came. The concierge tried her key, but the door was bolted inside. Fearing she knew not what, the concierge gave the fire alarm. Then the three burst open the door.

The flat was empty—tidy, clean, and empty. In complete bewilderment the searchers looked about. They went into the bedroom again. Everything was as usual. No; what was that huge Breton wardrobe doing lying on its face on the floor?

Out of the Wardrobe

At that moment the firemen arrived. They lifted the huge wardrobe and set it on its feet. One of them quietly opened the door. Out of the wardrobe, tear-stained, white-faced, stepped the old lady! She said, "Merci, messieurs" very quietly, and sat down.

She explained what had happened. She had wanted to get to a shelf at the back of the wardrobe, and climbed on a lower shelf to pull herself up. She pulled hard at the upper shelf and, to her horror, the whole thing came slowly down on her while she was clinging to it. She was afraid she would suffocate and die. She called; she banged on the floor. She waited for hours, for days, it seemed. She gave herself up for dead. Then she heard the concierge and the firemen. Merci, messieurs.

Continued from the previous column

went to post. It was as useful as it was ornamental too, for it rolled the lawn and made a way for its owner through any queue.

But those who think of following my friend's example must be warned that the hippopotamus is an expensive pet because of its large appetite. The crocodile, on the other hand, will find his own food. He makes a splendid watchdog, but servants often give notice or simply disappear where crocodiles are kept, and people sometimes object to them in railway carriages. The crocodile soon becomes devoted to his master. I knew one who liked his owners so much that he ate the whole family in one morning. It was most unfortunate, as he was a valuable pedigree animal who had taken several prizes, and he died of indigestion.

Pets vary, but, broadly speaking, they should all be treated alike, whether your choice falls upon an octopus or an influenza microbe. Give them plenty of lemonade in summer, a hot-water bottle to take to bed in winter, and a lot of sympathy all the year round. The more I think of the owners pets have to go about with in public (concluded Peter Puck) the more do I feel that sympathy is their supreme need.

DO WE PLAY TOO MUCH?

A Little Mistake We Make

THE SPORTING SPIRIT OF OUR RACE

A north-country reader takes exception to a sentence in a recent C.N. article which said that the English are the only people who play games because they love them; and, besides doubting that, he goes on to argue that in England young and old play to excess.

He says: "I do not want to stop them, but if they played games less they might read a few more books, and cultivate a little more the faculty of imagination in which as a people we are so terribly lacking. In their craze for games they cannot talk easily about anything else."

What Play Teaches Us

We must admit that to say we are the only people who play games because we love them is somewhat too sweeping. It depends on what is called a game.

Of course, it is natural to the young of all human races to play games of some kind and to love them. It is similarly natural in early youth to many animals, such as the dog, cat, and sheep. Through play they begin to tackle life's readiest adventures, and to get experience.

Where the British race has stood alone until less than a generation ago is in playing team games, such as cricket, football, bowls, and hockey, demanding combination and not merely individual skill, as in golf, or exercises like gymnastics. If combination games are being played anywhere but in lands peopled from Britain and played for love of them, it is because the spirit and the will have been caught from our British race.

The Pursuit of Pleasure

On the steerage deck of any emigrant ship the children and young people from Continental countries may be seen learning to play from the play of British-born youth. Whatever credit or discredit there is in forms of active play that captivate it is due to the British race. But, of course, there are tamer sorts of play everywhere.

Is play overdone with us? In many places, and with many types of youth, No. The demand for the best forms of recreation is widespread and should be reasonably satisfied. But probably most thoughtful observers feel that the pursuit of pleasure is absorbing too much of the time and energy of youth, and perhaps of middle age. We think there is far too much playing by grown-up people as well as by youth. Sports are a most healthful alternative to life's bracing duties; but they are an enemy when they are allowed to become a craze; and the older we are the less the craze becomes us.

A GREAT IDEA AT THE LEAGUE

Saving the Coloured Races

It can hardly be our duty, in teaching the backward races the arts of civilisation, to instruct them in the use of armaments.

In an eloquent speech at the League of Nations Assembly Mr. Smid, the South African delegate, expressed the hope that before long the nations would agree that those races which had not yet been trained in modern warfare should never receive such training, and should not be equipped with the deadly weapons of war.

It is a most welcome suggestion, and an urgent one, for one great European nation has already set itself the task of adding millions of warriors from Central Africa to its army and providing means for their mobilisation against European foes.

Britain herself has trained coloured soldiers for a century past.

POWER AND LIGHT FOR THE VILLAGES

Showing the Government
How To Do It

WOMEN OF DEVON LEAD THE WAY

A national system of electricity was one of the things the politicians promised us during the war, to be carried into effect as soon as peace should come.

It is ten years since the Armistice, and we are only now getting seriously to work on the scheme. Many local authorities who might have done a great deal for themselves have been holding their hands in expectation of the national scheme.

But a group of women engineers became impatient, and under the leadership of Miss Margaret Partridge they have set to work to give electric power to the villages of Devon. They have formed themselves into a company and have designed power stations and hired labour to build them, and now, in village after village, tiny cottages have put aside candles and lamps in favour of electric light.

Cheriton and Its Imitators

One of the company's apprentices, Miss Beatrice Shilling, as yet hardly 20, is running the power station at Cheriton under the name of the Cheriton Co-operative Electric Society. The society has a vacuum cleaner with which the villagers take turns, and it is kept very busy. There are as many electric lights as there are villagers, and quite a number are using electric irons, while the village baker is considering the installation of an electric dough-mixer.

Cheriton is to have imitators all over Devon as fast as the stations can be erected, and we commend its example to the Government.

WE THREE AT THE ZOO

Happy Young Things

By Our Zoo Correspondent

One of the latest arrivals at the Zoo is a baby African elephant so tiny that he looks more like a toy than a living animal. His name is Peter; he is three feet high and about fifteen months old.

Peter was captured eleven months ago, and from then till he left Sierra Leone for England the little elephant was his captor's constant companion.

Wearing a little coat to protect his back from the sun, Peter accompanied his master on many excursions across country, and though only a baby he could walk eighteen to twenty miles a day. Sometimes he wandered off into the jungle, but he returned home at once when recalled by a police whistle.

Naturally the life he has led since he lost his freedom has made a deep impression on this elephant, and as he is extraordinarily docile and friendly it was decided to introduce him to Kathleen the baby rhinoceros, in the hope that they would become friends. At first the two animals were not sure that they liked one another; but Kathleen's playmate, a young goat, thought the elephant attractive, so he made friends with him and persuaded the rhino to follow his example. The trio are now inseparable; they spend their time running loose in the sanatorium or strolling about in a little paddock in front of the Lion House.

When at liberty in the sanatorium the new Zoo baby wanders where he likes, following the keepers up and down stairs and trying to open doors with his little trunk. He loves everybody, and if called by his name he runs up to have his mouth rubbed, for he is cutting tusks and teeth and appreciates a little human sympathy.

When You Go By Bus

Do not throw your ticket in the street.
Drop it in the Bus

HOSPITAL BEDS FOR ALL

A Way to Stop the
Nursing Home Scandal

A very sensible and humane suggestion has been made by a committee of King Edward's Hospital Fund.

It is that more beds should be provided in hospitals for people who can afford to pay from four to seven guineas a week. It is difficult for such people to obtain proper treatment in case of serious illness at prices they can afford, and if private beds were provided for them in the hospitals it would benefit both the health of the patients and the finances of the hospitals.

There are already over a thousand such beds, and schemes for nearly a thousand more; but 6000, it is declared, would not be too many. They should be in addition to those already provided for the poor.

It is suggested that a scheme of sickness insurance might help people of this kind to meet the charges, and it would do another thing—it would be one of the best possible ways of disposing of the pitiful national scandal of so many incompetent nursing homes with exorbitant charges.

A PROTEST FROM ACROSS THE WORLD

Beautiful Australia

One of our readers in Australia (Geelong, Victoria) is troubled by what she sees in stories written in England about the land of her birth. "I was born in this country, but still I am English," she says.

Her complaint is that Australia is sometimes said to have no rain for nearly a year, hardly any birds, no shady trees, birds that do not sing, and flowers that are scentless.

She claims, on the contrary, that the Australian boronia is sweeter even than the English violet, that there is plenty of Australian bird music, besides that of the thrushes, goldfinches, and so on, that have been brought from England. There are plenty of shady trees, too, like the pepperina, with graceful foliage, and a wealth of blossom and berries.

Of course there are bare, treeless plains with little water, but to think of them as if they were Australia is unfair.

We gladly give our reader's protest, and assure her that the homelands are fast learning how vast and varied Australia is, and how pleasant it is to live in large parts of every State.

THE BEGINNING OF A SMILE

By a Scientific Correspondent

There are people, not dog-lovers, who declare when our faithful doggy companion wags his tail and seems to smile, that it is all fancy on our part. Science does not bear them out.

The psychologists declare that when human beings smile they are beginning to do exactly what the dog does when it is pleased. It opens its jaws slightly, draws back the corners of its mouth, and slightly bares its teeth. That is when there is fun in the air. The human smile is something of the same kind.

We do not always bare our teeth, though the young ladies who appear in the tooth paste advertisements have to do so. But a dog can begin to smile without showing a tooth. If anyone will tickle his dog when it lies down for the purpose he will see that the dog draws back the corners of its mouth without showing the teeth.

So do human beings when they are pleased to the point of smiling but have not reached the stage of grinning. Grinning like a dog was known in the days of Solomon. Smiling like a dog was a common practice perhaps in the Stone Age.

IN AN ACCIDENT What It Feels Like

By a Correspondent

As I have just been in one, which luckily was not serious, save for the heavy damage it did to three wheels of an Austin car, I desire to record my impressions.

When a shrieking motor-cycle in the boiling sunshine emerged behind a passing car, and tried to cut between us, and bumped us so that we skidded round in a circle, everything suddenly turned doubly clear, all the colours of the car and the road became extremely vivid. Also, the whole affair seemed to take an interminable time.

Some Curious Happenings

When at last one could open the door and get out to go to the rescue of the bewildered motor-cyclist, who stood uncertainly by the ditch with his cycle half a wreck, some curious things seemed to happen. For instance, a Marine appeared from nowhere bearing a parcel out of which he extracted (of all things) a china jug, with which he disappeared into a cottage, emerging with water for the cyclist. The very thing!

Even at the moment of sudden shock I was able to smile. Then appeared cars and people, all offering help. "Can I?" "May I?" A hatless, careless woman all in pale blue, with a motherly look, sprang out of the grass, it seemed, to give counsel; a whole family on a motor-lorry paused and hung over the sides offering assistance. One recognised their faces as in a dream and afterwards identified them as very near neighbours.

It was all rather weird, rather strange, but everybody was kind.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

Is Mars Inhabited?

No one can say; but some scientists have thought they detected in the markings of the planet which change at different seasons evidence of irrigation or other work by intelligent beings. All we can say is that the physical conditions on Mars are such as to render life there possible.

What Are the Forties?

The word, if referring to time, means the years between and including 1840 and 1849. It may mean, however, the "roaring forties," the rough part of the Southern Seas between the 40th and 50th degrees of south latitude. The context where it occurs will show which is the meaning intended.

What Causes the Halo Round the Moon?

The luminous circle round the Moon is due to the refraction of the light by myriads of tiny ice particles, suspended high up in the air like cirrus clouds. The corona or greasy ring round the Moon is caused by the spreading of the light rays by small drops of vapour passing between us and the Moon.

Why Does Salt Melt Snow?

What really melts the snow is the mixture of salt and water, the snow melting in the brine, as a lump of sugar melts in a cup of tea, because there is an attraction between its molecules and the molecules of the liquid. The brine does not turn to ice again, because its freezing-point is much lower than 32 degrees Fahrenheit, the freezing-point of water.

Why Do Lobsters Turn Red When Boiled?

A reader, Mr. F. A. Storey, explains that the living lobster does not contain brown colouring matter, but two colouring matters, red and blue. The shell is covered with the red, which is permanent when heated, but the blue, which does not cover the whole shell, is destroyed in boiling.

How Can Wood-Lice Be Got Rid Of?

Poultry like to feed on them, but if they are infesting a place where poultry cannot be allowed to run, a good plan is to lay a large slate in a sloping position against a wall, and then another slate upon it, with small pieces of wood between to keep them apart. The ground round should be well watered, when the slates will become moist and wood-lice flock to them. They may then be caught by removing the upper slate, and destroyed. Gas tar painted round a frame or bed will keep them away.

JUPITER'S MOONS

HOW TO SEE THEM

Little Satellite That is Light
Enough to Float

WHAT A MILLION MILES
LOOKS LIKE

By the C.N. Astronomer

During the next two weeks a good opportunity will occur for seeing one, and possibly two, of Jupiter's moons with the aid of field-glasses or binoculars.

On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday of next week Callisto, usually known as the fourth satellite of Jupiter, may be easily seen with glasses on the left side of the radiant planet. Callisto will appear quite close, only about one-third of our Moon's apparent width away.

On the evenings of October 17, 18, and 19 Callisto will be on the right of Jupiter, at about the same distance from him as in the previous week. Callisto is actually 1,168,000 miles from Jupiter, and at the present time about 380 million miles from us. We thus get some idea of how long a million miles appears at the distance of Jupiter, and why we cannot see his great sphere with the naked eye.

Callisto is about 3200 miles in diameter, and therefore half as wide again as our Moon. But it is vastly



The relative distances of Jupiter's four large satellites compared with the size of his disc

different; for, whereas the material of which the Moon is composed is chiefly a dark and heavy rock, the Moon being on an average nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ times as heavy as water, Callisto is actually lighter than water and so would float on a vast celestial sea, were there such a thing.

Callisto for its size is less bright than the other large satellites of Jupiter, reflecting less of the sunlight that falls on it. There is no evidence so far of clouds or atmosphere.

Are its polar regions composed of solid dark ice and its equatorial of a vast belt of perpetual snow? This is not improbable, for the Sun's light and heat are 27 times greater on our world and the Moon than on Callisto.

Moreover, Callisto's night lasts for nearly $8\frac{1}{2}$ of our entire days, for it always turns the same face toward Jupiter, taking 16 days, 16 hours to revolve round him.

It becomes quite easy to calculate on which side of Jupiter Callisto may be found during the next few months from the positions given above.

Ganymede and Jupiter

Ganymede, Jupiter's third satellite, may also be glimpsed with very good glasses on Wednesday evening on the left side of Jupiter, and again on Saturday, October 13, on the right side. By the following Wednesday Callisto will be on the left of the planet again; so in the course of the week Ganymede will have gone right round Jupiter and travelled some two million miles. The satellite's average distance from Jupiter is 664,000 miles, and its period of revolution 7 days, three and three-quarter hours.

Ganymede is 3540 miles in diameter, according to Barnard, and so though larger and also much brighter than Callisto it is more difficult to see. It appears much closer to the planet, never more than about one-fifth of the Moon's apparent width away; Jupiter's radiance dims it.

Next Tuesday all four of Jupiter's large moons will be on the left side of his disc, arranged in their relative order outward from Jupiter. They may be seen thus toward midnight in even a small terrestrial telescope. They will appear on Jupiter's right side through an astronomical telescope. G. F. M.

HONOUR CLEAN

The Mystery of the Junior Cup

Told by
Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Ripshank, who has just been made a prefect of Eastborough School, returns to his study one afternoon to find the entrance blocked with new furniture clearly labelled with his name.

In his annoyance at what he regards as a stupid joke, he pitches half the things down the stairs.

CHAPTER 3

Someone Must Pay

RIPSHANK formed his own idea of the practical joke. To his mind its perpetrator was either one of his fellow-prefects who, having wanted the pick of the studies himself, had resorted to this sly means of getting his own back; or it was their elusive, dreamy St. Pierre, whose self-invitation to tea coincided so patly, and whose skeleton key, volunteered no doubt as a blind, suggested that those who unlocked doors could also have locked them.

On his way to Frute he turned these thoughts over. Unable to fix on any one of the prefects likely to lend himself to so dangerous a rag, he did not want to believe that their saint was the villain. For he liked the chap, and though the prank somewhat amused him in another sense he confessed that it rankled. He could hardly feel the same toward St. Pierre if he should prove guilty of such impertinence.

Thus reflecting, he entered Mr. Frute's stuffy quarters and was greeted with a warmth which gave him a jar. The little man was so palpably glad to see him; so eager and chirpy in his delight.

"And what do you think of them?" he chirruped at once.

"They are on their way back to you," was Ripshank's slow answer. And, perceiving the consternation on the other side of the counter, he added gently: "I never ordered them, man!"

Stupefaction showed first. Then acute disappointment. And then with an unsteady hand Frute brought out the order, and stammered: "But that's your signature, isn't it, sir?"

"No," said Ripshank, after a look. "Though it's like it."

The little man's face had dropped dismally. "Well, sir, I know you. If you say you didn't write that I'm sure you didn't. So someone's been pulling my leg!" He smiled a bleak smile. "I'm sorry, Mr. Ripshank. I gave you good value."

"I know you did," Ripshank answered.

"So they're on their way back?" said Mr. Frute, after a pause.

"Yes; but I'm afraid they are not quite so dinky. I mean, I'm afraid they've got a bit damaged," said Ripshank.

The other inhaled a sharp breath. "That's a bad job!" he uttered.

"Yes, the table and bookcase are groggy. And a lot of the china's been smashed. I'm sorry."

"Them that breaks must pay," Mr. Frute observed nervously.

This brought Ripshank to the point for which he was steering. "Friend Frute," he rejoined, "I don't stand to be shot at. I didn't order the things but they came to me; I damaged them but I doubt whether I am responsible. If you ask me, the fellow who ordered them is responsible."

"For the damage?" Mr. Frute queried.

"Yes; for everything, man. He ordered them. They are his until he returns them. If they get hurt in the meantime that's his look out."

"That's hard on me," said Mr. Frute in a strained tone.

"I know it's hard on you. But you tell me who ordered them and I'll take good care he pays you at once for the damage."

"And if he doesn't?" The little man's voice was despondent.

"If he doesn't I'll pay you eventually. That's a fair offer."

Mr. Frute brightened up. "Are they much spoiled?" he asked.

"Candidly I can't say how much," smiled Ripshank. "The table is cracked and two of its legs have gone, and the bookcase is smashed, and there are only one or two plates and a couple of saucers left. Say four pounds' worth—"

"Oh, quite," Mr. Frute put in.

"Well, you'll check up the amount the damage will cost you. And I'll see that you get paid. Now, who was the ruffian?"

Mr. Frute looked uncomfortable, withdrew his gaze. "Well, you put me in a fix," he stammered at last. "It's this way, Mr. Ripshank. I couldn't tell you his name though I know his face. But it's this way, Mr. Ripshank, if you'll permit me. If I did know him I don't know that I ought to tell you."

"Ought! Of course you ought!" Ripshank retorted.

"Oh, I'm thinking of myself," said the little man frankly. "You gentlemen at the school are good customers to me. I can't afford to get customers into trouble, sir. If I tell on him he might keep his friends from my shop."

"He might," admitted Ripshank.

"Well, that won't help me, sir," Mr. Frute declared thoughtfully.

"Even put the damage to those things at five pounds. Why, sir, I reckon I'd stand to lose much more than that if I got one of you into trouble and he turned spiteful."

"Oh, then," smiled Ripshank, "you don't want paying for those breakages?"

"Indeed I do," said the little man with a sigh. "But you see what a quandary I'm in, Mr. Ripshank." His distress was genuine.

"If I tell you the lad—"

"You say you don't know his name."

"No; I don't know his name, sir."

"But you could describe him?"

"I might," Mr. Frute uttered dubiously.

There was silence between them while Ripshank pondered. His quick mind could appreciate the man's fix, and was fully sensible of his side of the question. Frute, as he reflected, was no sharp customer, not a trickster who preyed on their ignorance or took advantage, but an honest little man with a hard struggle to live and intensely eager to keep in the school's good books.

So at last he pronounced. "Well, listen to me, Mr. Frute. I do see your predicament, but I'd rather you helped me. Still, if you can't, I won't press you. Is that fair?"

The troubled eyes which had been watching him anxiously, brightened.

"And," continued Ripshank, stressing the word, "in exchange for my not forcing you to tell me more, and not reporting you, as I might do, perhaps, you release me from the promise I gave you just now."

"What promise was that, sir?"

"To see you don't lose by the damage if the chap doesn't pay it."

"Oh!" muttered Mr. Frute, dejected again.

"Well?" insisted Ripshank.

"Is that fair enough?"

"If you say so. All right, sir," came the answer.

But grudgingly, with a wrench, which made Ripshank expostulate: "Well, my friend, you can't eat your cake and have it. If you won't oblige me why should I oblige you?"

The little man regarded him for a moment. "I suppose that's fair," he owned at last with a nod. "Yes, all right, sir," he added, striking the bargain.

But the bargain had been to test him. And now Ripshank laughed. "At any rate, you're no humbug, Frute," he responded. "You get your money out of the ruffian who

tricked you. But if you don't come to me, I'll see you don't lose it."

The downcast form at the counter cheered up at once. "I'll get it," cried the dejected voice, hardening to confidence. "And I promise you this, Mr. Ripshank. It shan't come out of your pocket; not if I knows it."

CHAPTER 4

The Man in the Moon

RIPSHANK climbed the hill very thoughtfully, thinking it all out again; not entirely disposed to let the matter rest there but disinclined to make an immediate fuss or hold any sort of inquisition in public.

"Impetuosity," he told himself, "is a mistake."

But if he had spoken this to his friend Winging Ann it would have been received with his half-grin. "The fact is," he would have said, "you're too lazy to kick up a fuss. You're pretty bright in the noddle, but you hate trouble!"

And Ripshank would have laughed, "I'm most energetic!"

Nevertheless the truth would have been with his friend.

His pleasant, owl-like features fittingly solemn, Ripshank taxed St. Pierre again on his return. And when he had finished, with a detailed account of Frute's qualms, St. Pierre, whose thoughts had been miles away all the time, murmured: "Sorry, I wasn't attending. Say that again."

Ripshank said it again. "My dear P," he ended, "the ass who ordered those things in my name was yourself." And no harm, he thought, in giving their saint a good fright. "You'll have to fork out a tanner at least for repairing them."

"And so will the man in the moon," was the unperturbed answer. "For I promise I know as much about it as he does."

"Will you give me your word?"

"The man in the moon's word," St. Pierre smiled. And when this reached Anning's ears it amused him exceedingly, and he persisted in calling the unknown The Man in the Moon.

"Any news of The Man in the Moon?" he would inquire; which went on for two or three days, and made Ripshank so angry that he growled: "I'll have to kick up a fuss after all."

So, acting upon a brilliant idea of Winging Ann, who suggested that although a senior must have been responsible for the joke that senior had probably sent the sham order down by a junior, Ripshank quietly assembled the juniors in the School House and asked if any of them had been to Frute's yet this term. Immediately there shot up two nervous hands, one belonging to an individual of battered appearance; the other to his neighbour, thin as a lath.

STARTING A NEW VOLUME



The October issue of LITTLE FOLKS—that jolly monthly magazine for boys and girls—starts a new volume with new stories and new features. Now is the time to start taking it.

LITTLE FOLKS

October Issue Now on Sale 1s.

"All right. I'll begin with you," Ripshank said to the first. "Now then, which day did you go down to Frute's?"

He of the battered aspect screwed up his nose; unscrewed it, so to speak; and screwed it again. This somewhat startling response was all that he offered.

Ripshank regarded him, and kept back a smile.

"Don't make faces at me, you young scoundrel!" he shouted.

"I'm not, please. I'm only thinking," sighed the unfortunate.

Which was merely the truth (as Ripshank knew all the time). Indeed, everyone knew that Randall never could think until he had made that extraordinary play with his nose, his conviction being that his nose and his brain were in league, so that when he twitched the one he stirred up the other.

"And while we're about it, Randall, you tell me this. Why do you always look as if you'd been fighting? Your tie's all awry now! And you've two buttons off your waistcoat. You're a disgrace!"

"Yes," observed Randall cheerfully. "Yes, I know, Ripshank."

"Well, you've found your tongue. So stop making faces and tell me when you went down to Frute, and what for?"

"I went the first day."

"What for?"

"For some running-shoes, Ripshank."

"Did anyone go with you?"

The lath jumped into the breach now. "I did," he exclaimed. "And I bought a pair of running-shoes at the same time."

This seemed to astonish Ripshank. "You bought running-shoes, Pinion!"

"Please, and why shouldn't I?" insisted the lath.

"Well, I didn't know you went in for running at all!"

"I don't as a rule. But I'm taking the Junior Run this term."

Ripshank stared.

"Now, that's splendid!" he said with real fervour. "And I suppose you think you've got the cup in your pocket?"

"Oh, no, I don't!" disclaimed Pinion. "Puggie will win that."

"You mean your co-villain, Randall?"

"Yes—Randall," grinned Pinion.

"Right you are! And, after this engaging interlude, did either of you take Frute a message from anyone?"

Randall's nose twitched violently but no words came. His friend transferred his gaze to the ceiling.

"Did you?" cried Ripshank.

"A message?" mused Pinion.

"Yes, a message. You know what a message means, don't you?"

The lath-like Pinion murmured: "Oh, yes, I remember."

Austerly Ripshank eyed him.

"Who sent the message?"

"One of the other fellows," they faltered in tune.

"Well, obviously," he retorted, keeping his patience.

"No; it might have been a master," cried Pinion the daring.

"Well, never mind; it wasn't. It was a senior?"

They nodded.

"Who was he?"

The pair regarded each other with questioning expressions, as though consulting whether they ought to tell. When Randall, grown loquacious all of a sudden, blurted hurriedly:

"Please, as a matter of fact, Pinion had nothing at all to do with the message. I was the messenger, though we started to Frute's together. Pinion stopped for an ice while I took the message in, then I joined him, and we both went back later to Frute."

"And why this alarm?" exclaimed Ripshank with a straight look. "What's the mystery?"

"There isn't a mystery," Ripshank waited.

"All right," he pronounced at last firmly. "Tell me what the message was about. Come on, now! Who sent it?"

"The message I took," sighed Randall, "came from St. Pierre."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

The Book Doctor

JERRY lent his copy of *Quentin Durward*, the first form prize at St. Edmunds, to his friend Joe Wilmer.

He lent it because Joe, who lived in a family who knew nothing about Walter Scott and his glorious stories, was so keen to read it.

Jerry didn't want to lend it; he was so proud of it, especially as he had never imagined he would be lucky enough to win a prize at all.

It had the school emblem of a pilgrim climbing a high mountain on it, done in gold; and the leather was soft and of a beautiful cherry colour; and inside was pasted a label on which the Head had himself inscribed Jerry's name in his beautiful handwriting.

Then a dreadful thing happened. The Wilmer family quarrelled over who should have it first—fought over the book, Joe and his twin sister Margaret, and before they knew what they were doing there was a crack, and the front cover came right away in Margaret's fingers!

The twins looked at each other, horrified.

"Jerry will never forgive us, Joe," Margaret gasped. "Was it really his prize?" Then, looking down at the golden emblem, she said sadly, "I see it was. I'm very sorry."

"I shall have it rebound," decided poor Joe. "I've got three shillings in my money-box. We'll take it to the bookseller's now. I daresay he can put it right."

"I would contribute," said Margaret, "but I have not a penny."

But, alas! the man behind the counter told them it would cost ten shillings and sixpence to get it done properly. He would do it himself, but it would need most delicate work.

Joe shook his head. "We shall never be able to do it," he said forlornly.

"How did such a terrible thing happen at all?" demanded the bookseller, frowning over his green spectacles.

"We were both so keen on Scott's books," explained Margaret. "We've only read *The Antiquary*, and we love it."

"Well, you leave it to me, will you, and I'll think it over," said the bookseller.

They didn't know how to get through the next day. They felt they must confess; but somehow they put it off, and Jerry, of course, was quite unsuspecting.

Late that evening a parcel arrived addressed to the twins. They tore it open, and there was the prize, beautifully mended as if new, and inside a letter.

"I love *Quentin Durward* so much myself (it said) that I couldn't bear to see him wounded. So I have doctored him free of charge. And if Master Joe cares to slip down any time I can sell him a copy for himself for less than three shillings!"



Let Us With Joyous Steps Now Go Our Ways



THE BRAN TUB

Three Legacies

A GENTLEMAN, in his will, left legacies to three of his servants. The total amount to be distributed was £140, and the gifts were to be in the same proportion as the length of service of each of the servants.

The footman had been with the gentleman three times as long as the page, and the butler twice as long as the footman. What sum did each servant receive? *Answer next week*

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Borzoi

The Russian wolfhound, or Borzoi, was first brought to England about 1885. It is a remarkably graceful and beautiful dog, about 30 inches high, and in shape something like a big greyhound with a rather long coat. It is a very gentle pet, although it is said to be capable of attacking and killing a wolf. The name borzoi is Russian for swift.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

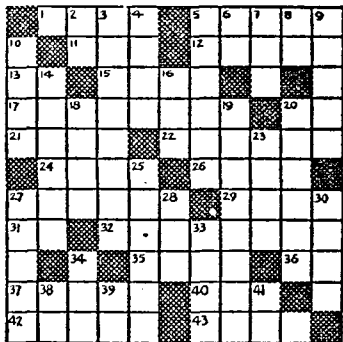
THE last of the swallows are seen leaving England for the South. The ladybirds go into hibernation. Hazel and elm leaves turn yellow. Crab-apples are ripe and falling. The maple, beech, white poplar, cherry-tree, ash, aspen, honeysuckle, Lombardy poplar, and elder begin to lose their leaves.

Do You Live at Peel?

PEEL really means a palisade or fence of stakes, and in old documents the place is called Peel-town, that is, the town fenced round with stakes as a defence. No doubt the settlement was originally protected in this way, and so the town that grew up obtained its name.

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



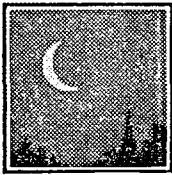
Reading Across. 1. A popular fable. 5. A sanctified person. 11. An epoch. 12. Male relation. 13. Toward a higher level. 15. A desert dweller. 17. Midday. 20. Missouri (abbrev.). 21. A salutation. 22. A racer. 24. To slash. 26. Level. 27. Market stalls. 29. Ninth letter of Greek alphabet. 31. Above and touching. 32. Celestial. 35. With number five makes famous French seaport. 36. French for the. 37. A brand. 40. A dark liquid. 42. Volumes. 43. A continent.

Reading Down. 2. Old English for you. 3. Passages. 4. Male red deer. 5. To tame. 6. Indefinite article. 7. Solid water. 8. North latitude (abbrev.). 9. A settled course. 10. A sleeping berth. 14. A noxious substance. 16. A gaseous substance. 18. Capital of Norway. 19. Surroundings. 20. Pertaining to the mind. 23. A rare gas. 25. Beats. 27. To bring. 28. A place frequented for its mineral springs. 30. Exclamation of regret. 33. Pen-name of Charles Lamb. 34. Male sheep. 38. In the direction of. 39. First person singular. 41. Book of Kings (abbrev.).

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Saturn is in the South-

West, Venus in the West, Neptune in the South-East, and Jupiter and Mars in the East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on October 10.



What Am I?

MY first is in mushroom and also in moss,
My second's in losing and also in loss,
My third is in tumble and also in toll,
My fourth is in over and also in roll,
My fifth is in rudder and also in oar,
My sixth is in wild beast and also in boar,
My seventh's in glamour and also in lure,
My eighth is in reason and also in sure.
My whole is a sight often seen in the town,
Now think out my name and then write it down. *Answer next week*

Ici On Parle Français



La lune La souris Le gobelet

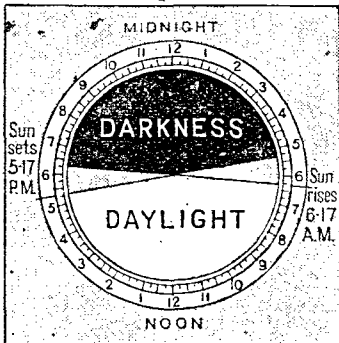
Promenons-nous au clair de la lune.
Le chat attrape et mange la souris.
Il boit son cacao dans un gobelet.

Keeping Back the Litter Lout

THIS imitation of Robert Louis Stevenson's epitaph has been posted up in the countryside:

Under the wide and starry sky
Never a scrap will I let lie,
Others will happily thus pass by,
For I cleared up all with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here passed a tripper who after tea
Cleared up his litter and left the place free.
And the spot is beautiful still.

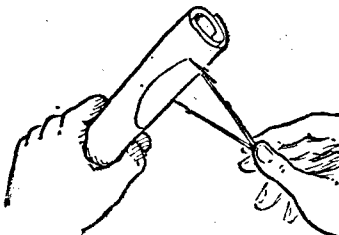
Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

How to Draw an Oval

ONE way of drawing an oval on paper is to roll up the paper in the form of a cylinder and then use a pair of compasses as though we



were drawing a circle, as shown in the picture. When the paper is unrolled, an oval will be there instead of a circle.

A Word Diamond

THE following clues indicate the words and letters of a word diamond.

Myself. A small creature. A useful part of a book. A drink made from a plant. An unknown quantity.

Answer next week

Jacko Enjoys Himself

JACKO was very interested in motor-cars. He nearly went off his head with excitement when he heard that his big brother Adolphus had bought one.

But his face was a study when Adolphus drove the car home and asked everybody to come outside to admire it.

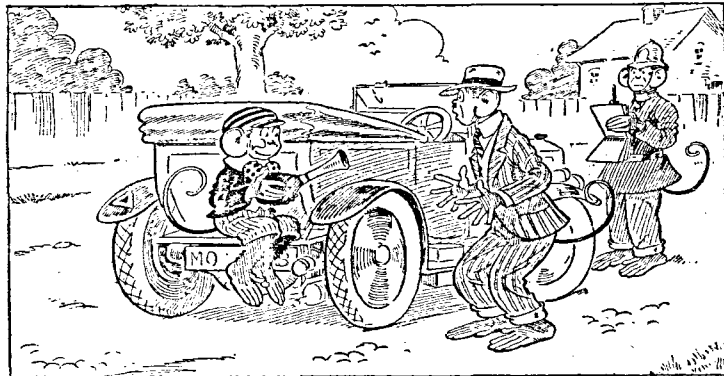
"I never saw such a thing!" said Jacko rudely. "Call it a car!"

"What else should I call it, pray?" asked Adolphus. "It's a little beauty!"

"It's little enough," said Jacko. "I don't think I could get inside it."

"Well, you certainly won't be asked to," said his brother. "Now then, Mater, coming for a spin?"

Mrs. Jacko gingerly stepped into the car. With all her care she couldn't help bumping her head on the roof and



The young rascal was perched on the back

bruising her elbow. But Adolphus didn't notice any of her mishaps; he was much too busy trying to make the thing go.

At last they went off with a fearful noise, leaving a cloud of smoke behind them. Jacko laughed so much that the tears rolled down his face.

Mr. Jacko boxed his ears. "It's no laughing matter, my boy," he said grimly. "I'm wondering whether Adolphus will bring back your mother safe and sound."

But Adolphus did. What is more, Mrs. Jacko declared that she had thoroughly enjoyed the ride.

"Though we went a bit too fast at times," she said.

"Yes, we did speed a bit," said Adolphus proudly. "Nothing passed us on the road."

Jacko grinned all the more when he heard that.

Of course Chimp had to hear all about it, and when he saw the car he told Jacko that he had quite a turn.

"It's a horrid little thing," he said.

"Well, the thing goes quite well," said Jacko gloomily. "Adolphus says nothing ever passes it on the road."

"Oh, doesn't it!" said Chimp, and he and Jacko put on their thinking caps. Something obviously had to be done about it.

The next day when Adolphus was out for a run he heard a loud honk-honk! just behind him. He was very annoyed, as he didn't like anything to pass him. He put on speed.

But the car behind seemed to have no difficulty in keeping up with him. Honk-honk! went the horn loudly and repeatedly.

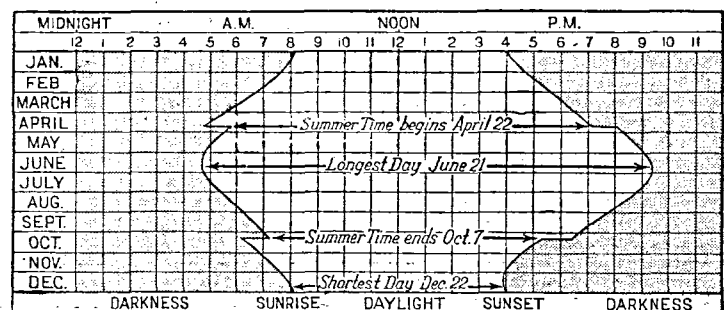
Adolphus was wild. He couldn't go any faster; in fact, he was going so fast as it was that, when he came to some cross-roads, a policeman stopped him and charged him with furious driving.

Adolphus turned round to shake his fist at the car which had been the cause of all the trouble.

But there was no car! All the hooting had been done by Jacko!

There was the young rascal perched on the back of Adolphus's own car, clutching a motor-horn.

The End of Summer Time



Summer Time ends early in the morning of Sunday, October 7, so all clocks and watches should be put back one hour on Saturday night.

DR. MERRYMAN

The Unknown

THE children had been told that an anonymous person is one who does not wish to be known. Then, a few minutes later, a voice was heard. "Who is that talking?" demanded the teacher.

"An anonymous person," was the prompt reply.

A Proverb Disproved

THE Hyena remarked to his wife, "As you know, I have laughed all my life. If one 'laughs and grows fat,' Pray how happens it that I'm as thin as the edge of a knife?"

Good Night

THE elegant person had condescendingly borrowed a match from his fellow-traveller, and, after a few minutes of conversation, he said, "No doubt you will like to know who I am."

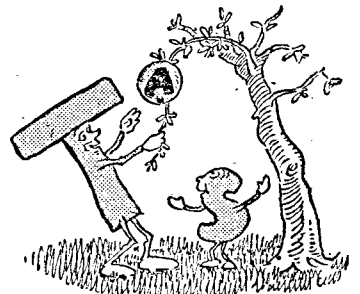
"Yes," was the polite reply. "Well," replied the other untruthfully, "I am Sir Blank Dash, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, and Knight of the Order of St. Michael and St. George."

"Really?" said the other with mock surprise. "And I am Bill Smith, tonight, last night, tomorrow night, and every other night."

Beware of the Road Hog

PEDESTRIAN: Which is the quickest way to the hospital, please?
Road Hog: Stay just where you are.

A Helping Hand



HERE is A, a nice Apple.
The right eating sort.
T's tall, so he picks it
For S who is short.

Nothing But the Truth

IT was with mixed feelings that the Head greeted the profiteer father of his newest pupil.

In the course of conversation the Head mentioned that only the day before he had asked De Smythe, the pupil, who wrote Hamlet, and the boy had replied that he did not.

"That is so," replied the proud parent. "He was always a truthful lad. If he said he didn't, then he didn't."

How to Make an Engine Tender

A PARTY was being conducted round a locomotive works.

"And what is that big thing?" asked a lady visitor.

"That, madam," replied the guide, "is a locomotive boiler."

"And why do they boil the locomotive?" was the further question.

"Must be to make the locomotive tender," came a voice from the rear.

Food For Thought

COMPLAINTS were common at Blank's Restaurant, so when a diner said that there was a fly in his custard the waiter was ready with an answer.

"A fly, sir?" he queried. "Oh, no. It must be one of those vitamin B's we hear such a lot about."

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Arithmetical Problem

Jack had 36 threepenny-pieces.

A Puzzle in Rhyme

Autumn.

A Built-Up Word

SPURIOUS

A Word Square

B A N D

A L O E

N O O N

D E N T

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

October 6, 1928

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

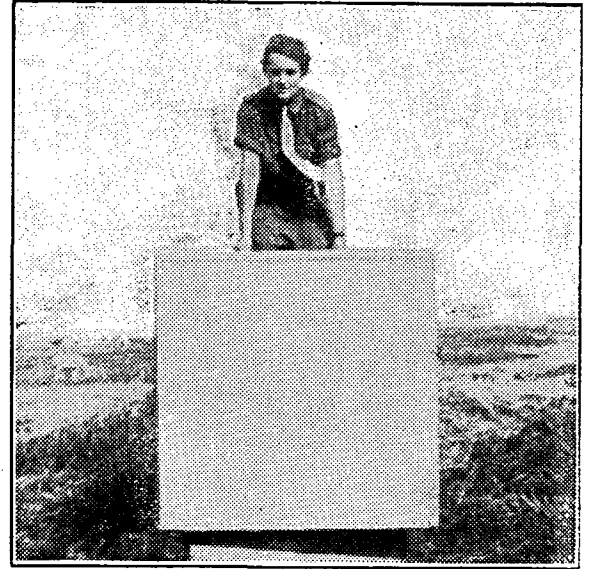
CORN IN A RIVER BED • WALKING IN DEEP WATER • IN THE WILD WEST



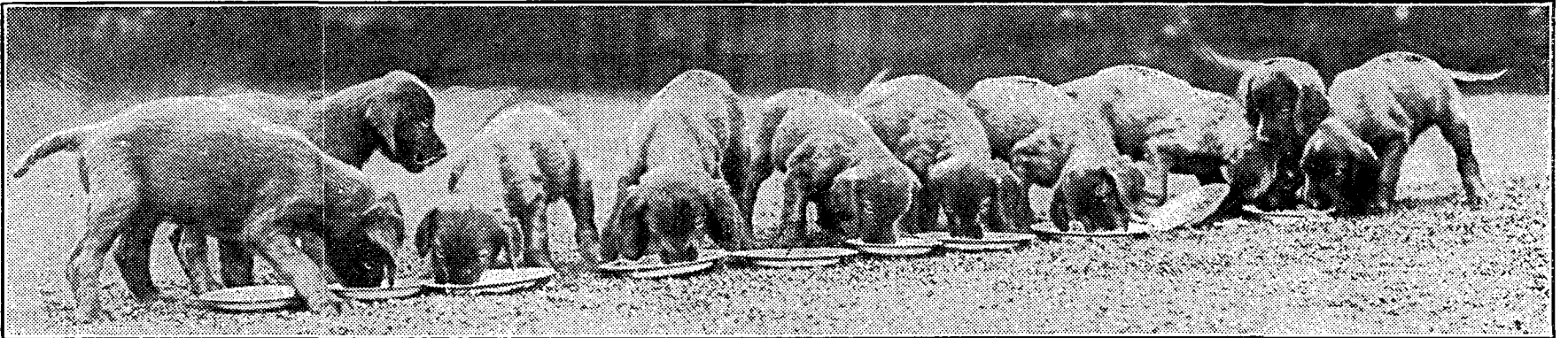
Walking in Deep Water—A novel rubber suit, recently tested by the Berlin Fire Brigade, enables the wearer to walk in deep water with the help of paddles.



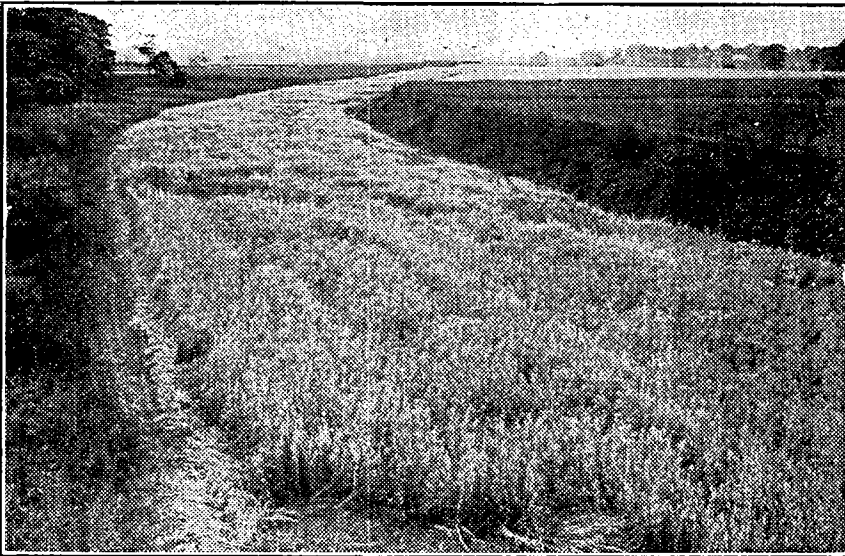
Three Friends—Cattle are not commonly regarded as pets, but this smiling girl seems quite happy in the friendship of two prize heifers seen at a show not long ago.



The Guide on the Tank—Camping days are over. Here Marjorie Mee, Captain of the Farningham and Eynsford Girl Guides, is presiding over the water tank in a camp at Rye.



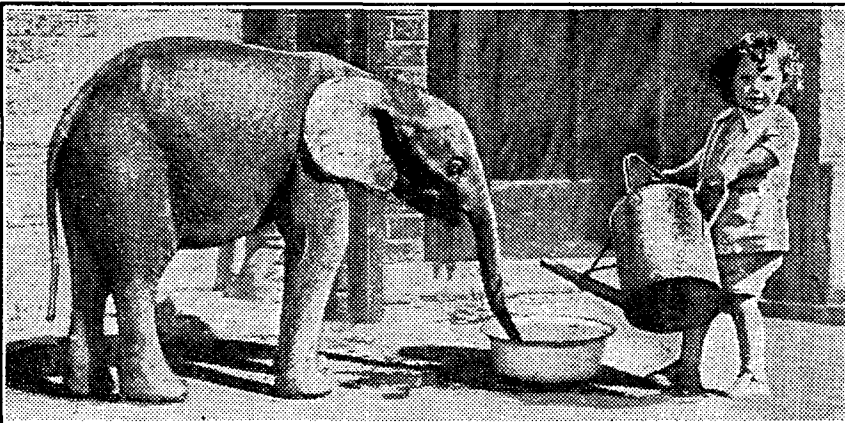
Ten Little Puppy-Dogs All in a Row—Although ten plates of food were set out for these baby Irish setters that did not mean a plate for each, for in the excitement some were upset and two puppies were crowded out. This charming family group was photographed in a garden at Winchmore Hill, London.



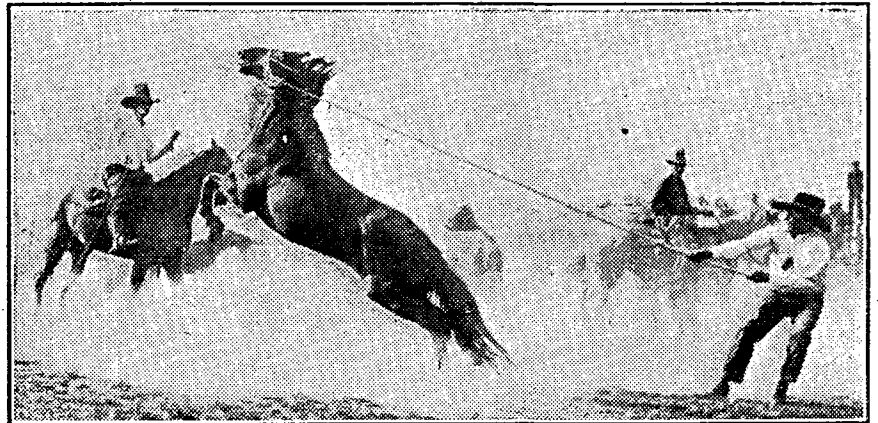
Corn in a River Bed—When the Manchester Ship Canal was constructed a portion of the River Mersey was cut off and filled in. This picture shows the scene near Warburton with corn now growing where the river once flowed. See page 7.



Motor-Car Up Ben Nevis—During the ascent of Ben Nevis by motor-car, mentioned in last week's C.N., many difficulties were met with. Here we see an interested group round the car during a temporary halt on the mountainside.



A Big Baby—A young African elephant named Peter is one of the latest arrivals at the London Zoo. He is about fifteen months old, and comes from Sierra Leone. In this picture we see one of his friends giving him a drink. See page 9.



In the Wild West—There are still herds of wild horses roaming the prairies of the Far West. It is a difficult and dangerous task to capture one of these wild horses with a lasso, but this picture shows a cowboy who succeeded in the attempt at Calgary.

MAKING A MAP FROM THE AIR—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER

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